

THE
WORKS
OF
JONATHAN SWIFT.

D.D.D.S.P.D.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL —

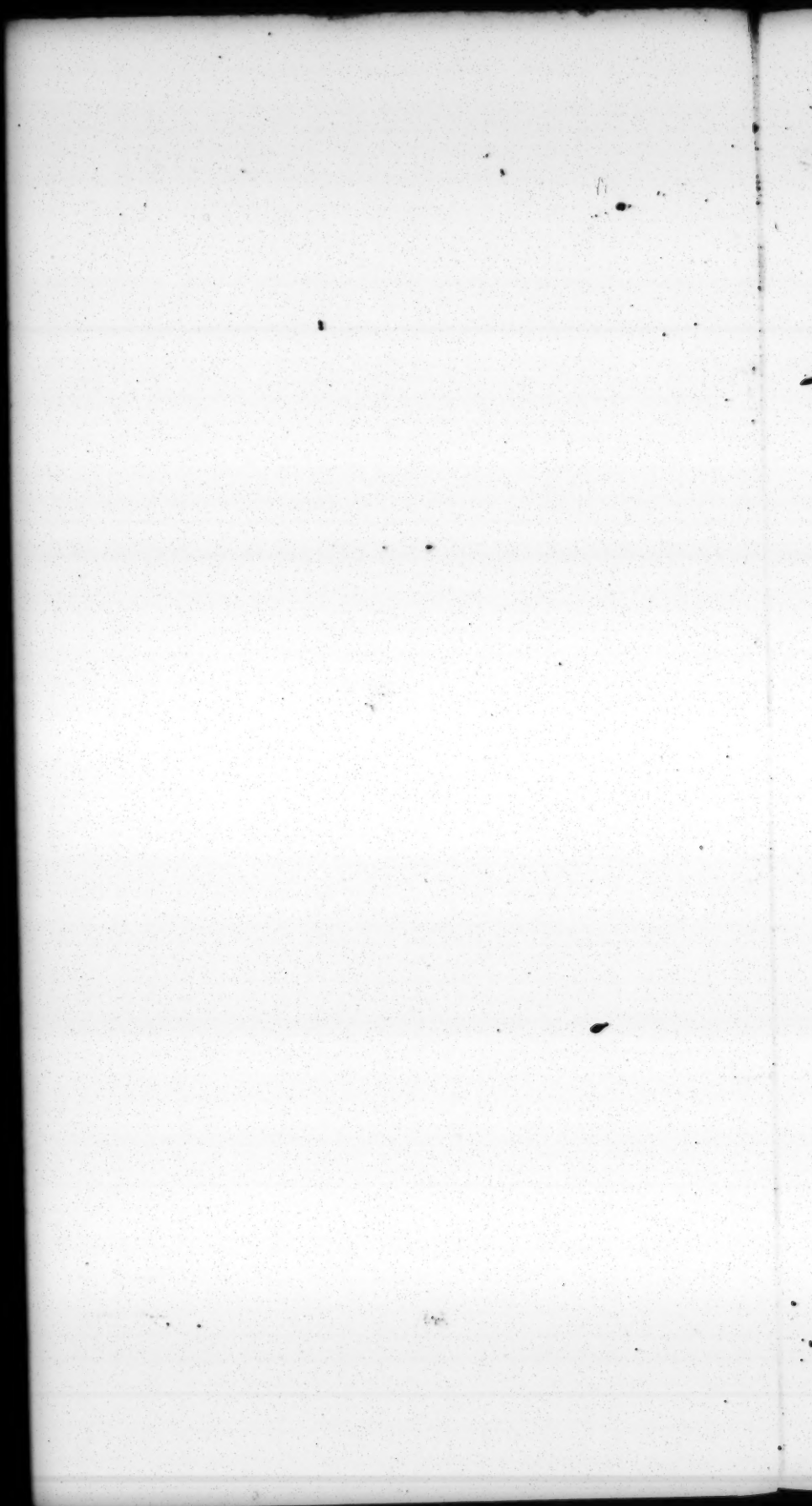
BY J. HAWKESWORTH, L.L.D.

AND OTHERS

VOL. XIV.



Printed for J. WILLIAMS Dublin 1707.



LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN;

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH

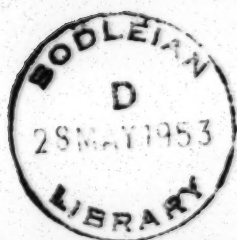
NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L.L.D.

VOLUME III.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR JAMES WILLIAMS IN SKINNER-ROW.
M,DCC,LXVII.



CONTENTS

T O

VOLUME III.

Letter	Page
CCCXI. M R. Gay and Duchefs of——to Dr. Swift - - -	1
CCCXII. Sir W. Fownes to Dr. Swift -	5
CCCXIII. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	11
CCCXIV. Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift -	12
CCCXV. Mr Robert Arbuthnott to Dr. Swift	13
CCCXVI. Dr. Arbuthnott to Dr. Swift -	14
CCCXVII. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	17
CCCXVIII. Duchefs of——to Dr. Swift	19
CCCXIX. Dr. Swift to the Duchefs of——	21
CCCXX. Lord C. to Dr. Swift -	24
CCCXXI. Lord B. to Dr. Swift -	25
CCCXXII. Lord M. to Dr. Swift -	28
CCCXXIII. Dutchefs of——to Dr. Swift	29
CCCXXIV. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	31
A 2	CCCXXV.

Letter	Page	Let
CCCXXV. Duchefs of ——— to Dr. Swift -	32	CC
CCCXXVI. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	35	CC
CCCXXVII. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	36	CC
CCCXXVIII. Duchefs of ——— to Dr. Swift	38	CC
CCCXXIX. Duchefs of ——— to Dr. Swift.	39	CC
CCCXXX. Lady Granville to Dr. Swift -	42	CC
CCCXXXI. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	43	CC
CCCXXXII. Duchefs of ——— to Dr. Swift	44	CC
CCCXXXIII. Mr. Grant to Dr. Swift -	46	CC
CCCXXXIV. Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift	48	CC
CCCXXXV. Lord C. to Dr. Swift -	50	CC
CCCXXXVI. Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift	51	CC
CCCXXXVII. De A.outhnott to Dr. Swift	56	CC
CCCXXXVIII. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	58	CC
CCCXXXIX. Mr. Jarvis to Dr. Swift -	59	CC
CCCXL. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift - -	60	CC
CCCXLI. Earl of Stafford to Dr. Swift -	61	CC
CCCXLII. Lord C. to Dr. Swift -	63	CC
CCCXLIII. Mr. Pulteney to Dr. Swift -	65	CC
CCCXLIV. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	67	CC
CCCXLV. Archbishop of Cashell to Dr. Swift	69	CC
CCCXLVI. Mr. Pulteney to Dr. Swift	70	CC
CCCXLVII. Dr. Swift to Lady B. G. -	72	CC
CCCXLVIII. Bishop of Cashell to Dr. Swift	74	CC
CCCXLIX. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift	76	CC
CCCL. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	78	CC
CCCLI. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	79	CC
CCCLII. Dr. Swift to the Duke Dorset	81	CC
CCCLIII. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	83	CC
CCCLIV. Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift	84	CC
CCCLV. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	86	CC
CCCLVI.		CC

Page	Letter	Page
32	CCCLVI. Mr. Donnellan to Dr. Swift -	87
35	CCCLVII. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	89
36	CCCLVIII. Mrs. Pandarves to Dr. Swift -	90
38	CCCLIX. Mrs Barber to Dr. Swift -	92
39	CCCLX. Lady B. G. to Dr. Swift -	96
42	CCCLXI. Lord Castledurrow to Dr. Swift -	97
43	CCCLXII. Mr. Pulteney to Dr. Swift -	100
44	CCCLXIII. Lord Castledurrow to Dr. Swift -	103
46	CCCLXIV. Dr. Swift to lady B. G. -	105
48	CCCLXV. Dr. Swift to Mr. Pulteney -	107
50	CCCLXVI. Earl of O—— to Dr. Swift -	110
51	CCCLXVII. Earl of O—— to Dr. Swift -	111
56	CCCLXVIII. Mr. Pope to lord O—— -	113
58	CCCLXIX. Lord C. to Dr. Swift -	115
59	CCCLXX. Lord B. to Dr. Swift -	117
60	CCCLXXI. Chevalier Ramsay to Dr. Swift -	118
61	CCCLXXII. Lord B. to Dr. Swift -	119
63	CCCLXXIII. Chevalier Ramsay to Dr. Swift -	121
65	CCCLXXIV. Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift -	121
67	CCCLXXV. Mr. Lyttleton to Dr. Swift -	127
69	CCCLXXVI. Lord Castledurrow to Dr. Swift -	128
70	CCCLXXVII. Mr. Pulteney to Dr. Swift -	130
72	CCCLXXVIII. Lord O. to Dr. Swift -	132
74	CCCLXXIX. Lord Hyde to David Mallet, Esq; -	134
76	CCCLXXX. David Mallet, Esq; to Lord Hyde -	138
78	CCCLXXXI. Dr. Swift to W. Pulteney, Esq; -	139
79	CCCLXXXII. Dr. Swift to W. Pulteney, Esq; -	142
81	CCCLXXXIII. Countess of Orkney to Dr. Swift -	144
83	CCCLXXXIV. Countess of Orkney to Dr. Swift -	145
84	CCCLXXXV. Lord Poulett to Dr. Swift -	147
86	CCCLXXXVI. Mr. Lewis to Dr. Swift -	147
VI.	CCCLXXXVII. Lady M—— to Dr. Swift -	148
	CCCLXXXVIII. Peterborough to Dr. Swift -	149
	A 3	CCCLXXIX.

Letter	Page
CCCLXXXIX. Dr. Swift to Lord Arran,	- 150
CCCXC. Lady Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift	- 152
CCCXCI. Dukes of Hamilton to Dr. Swift	- 153
CCCXCII. Duke of Wharton to Dr. Swift	- 154
CCCXCIII. Mr. Voltaire to Dr. Swift	- 155
CCCXCIV. Mons. Voltaire au Comte de Morville	56
CCCXCV. Dr. Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh	- 157
CCCXCVI. Dr. Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh	- 158
CCCXCVII. Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift	- 159
CCCXCVIII. Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift	- <i>ib.</i>
CCCXCIX. Dr. Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh	- 161
CCCC. Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift	- 162
CCCCI. Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift	- 163
CCCCII. Dr. Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh	- 164
CCCCIII. Dr. Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh	- 165
CCCCIV. Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift	- <i>ib.</i>
CCCCV. Cadenus to Vanessa	- 167
CCCCVI. Dr. Swift to Vanessa	- 168
CCCCVII. Dr. Swift to Vanessa	- - 169
CCCCVIII. Dr. Swift to Vanessa	- 171
CCCCIX. Dr. Swift to Vanessa	- 172
CCCCX. Dr. Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh	- 173
CCCCXI. A letter of Dr. Swift's	- 174
CCCCXII. Dr. Swift to Mr. Worrall	- 175
CCCCXIII. Dr. Swift to Mr. Worrall	- 177
CCCCXIV. Dr. Swift to Mr. Worrall	- 180
CCCCXV. Dr. Swift to Mr. Worrall	- 182
CCCCXVI. Dr. Swift to Mr. Worrall	- 183
CCCCXVII. Dr. Swift to Mr. Worrall	- 184
CCCCXVIII. Dr. Swift to Mr. Worrall	- 185
CCCCXIX. Dr. Swift to Mr. Worrall	- <i>ib.</i>
CCCCXX. Dr. Swift to Mr. Worrall	- 187
CCCCXXI. Dr. Swift to John Temple, Esq;	- 190

LETTERS

FROM AND TO

DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER CCCXI.

Mr. GAY and the Dukes of — to
Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Amefbury, Auguft the 28th, 1732.

MR. *Hoare* hath a hundred and odd pounds of your's in his hands, which you may have whenever you will please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, I mean, besides the *South Sea* bond of a hundred, that still fubfifts ; but I cannot tell you exactly how your account ftands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, which I know not at prefent how to difpofe of. I believe I fhall leave it without intereft till I go to town, and fhall then be at the fame lofs how to difpofe of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter ; but am prepared for difappointments, which I think it is very likely I fhall meet with ; yet as you think it convenient and

VOL. III:

B

necel-

necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drank up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am grown so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of *Amesbury*, *Dawley*, *Twickenham*, *Risling*, and a prebendary of *Westminster*. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left *Devonshire*. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he doth not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with any body since I came to *Amesbury*, but lady *Harold*, and lady *Bateman*. As Dr. *Delany* hath taken away a fortune from us *, I expect to be recommended in *Ireland*. If authors of godly books are intituled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean in *Ireland*, for that recommendation would not do in *England*.

* The Doctor married Mrs. Penderves.

The DUTCHESS begins.

The dutchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons to *Strada del Poe* ; but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat, to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. Gay much good advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be so indiscreet as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. Gay is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with goody *Dobson*; for I have seen goody *Dobson* play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risque any thing so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those for not having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour. In this rank Mr. Gay stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He stands over me, and scolds me for spelling ill; and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawn'd for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought

well of) with that she had the best living in *England* to give you. It was not I ; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. Gay does not hang out false lights for his friend.

Mr. G A Y goes on here.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from *Twickenham*, in which was this paragraph : “ *Motte* and another idle fellow, I find, have
“ been writing to the Dean, to get him to give them
“ some copy-right, which surely he will be not so
“ indiscreet as to do, when he knows my design,
“ and has done these two months and more. Surely
“ I should be a properer person to trust the distribution of his works with, than so common a book-seller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous
“ and little things ; none of the political, or any
“ things of consequence, which are wholly at his
“ own disposal. But, at any rate, it would be silly
“ in him to give a copy-right to any, which can only
“ put the manner of publishing them hereafter out
“ of his own and his friend’s power into that of
“ mercenaries.”

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

I. E. T.

LETTER CCCXII.

Sir WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr.
S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Island-Bridge, 9th Sept. 1732.

IT has been the observation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that, in all the countries they have seen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements: and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and so a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord mayor, I saw some miserable lunatics exposed, to the hazard of others, as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the work-house for the most outrageous, which were soon filled; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the solicitations of many, till by the time the old corporation ceased, we had, in that house, forty and upwards. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and had that course gone on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death, or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future; and the first denial was to a request of the earl of *Kildare*, which put a full stop to all farther applications. As I take it, there are, at this time, a number of objects which require assistance; and probably many may be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about *London*. Friends and

relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

I own to you, I was for some time averse to our having a public *Bedlam*, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers, under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in *England*; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to *Bedlam*. Many, who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances; and I have heard the primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one, that has any intention this way, to see something done in their lifetime, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house, and Dr. *Steven's* hospital, *viz.* to have so expensive a foundation laid, that the expence of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect:

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a spot in a close place, almost in the heart of the city. There are many places, in the out-skirts of the city, I can name, very proper.

Next

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space) have it well inclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells of the *Royal Hospital Infirmary*, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight pounds. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that several lodging cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and over-head the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms, or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries.

This is according to the custom of *London*. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund, and occasion to require the additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects; but an ordinary capacity may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well-disposed persons, who will say, they will make this enlargement; and, by such helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes. It comes just now into my head, that there is a very proper * spot, which I think the chapter of *St. Patrick* let to one *Lee*, a bricklayer, or builder. It lies back of *Aungier-street* east, comes out of *York-street*, down a place called the *Dunghill*, runs down to the end of *King-street*, facing *William-street*; at the north end of which some alms-houses are built by *Dowling* and others. Also there stands, to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an

* The ground here mentioned by *Sir William Fownes* does not belong to the dean and chapter of *St. Patrick's*, but to the corporation of *Vicars choral* in that cathedral.

Alms-house, made by Mrs. Mercer; though by the bye, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from *Lee's* heirs; and by your application, I know not but Mrs. Mercer may give her house up to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest and labour. If that spot fails, we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be your future intentions, don't deny me the consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair, if it shall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the consent by votes, shall be determined by the method of a balloting-box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper, and seeing who marks, &c. too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of your assured humble servant.

W. F O W N E S.

T H E P R O P O S A L.

I. That an hospital, called *Bedlam*, be built in the city of *Dublin*, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any parts of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote so good a work, let subscriptions be taken in *Dublin*, and in every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription-paper sent to him for that purpose.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is secured for building the hospital of *Bedlam*, the subscription be collected, and sent to *Dublin*, and paid into the hands of

Query,

Query, Mr. *Thorn*, steward to the *Blue-Coat* hospital, a very proper person.

IV. That upon notice given by Mr. *Thorn*, that he has received 200 *l.* a meeting shall be held of all subscribers who happen to be in *Dublin*, at a proper time and place.

V. Such persons as subscribe 5 *l.* or upwards, to have a vote at such meeting.

VI. That Mr. *Thorn*, giving security, be continued, to receive and pay out the money subscribed for one year, and be allowed only six-pence per pound, for receiving and paying.

VII. That the money first laid out shall be for the building of six or eight strong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of those made at the infirmary of the *Royal Hospital*.

VIII. That the college of physicians be desired to contribute to this good work; by appointing two or three of their body to be present at the first meeting, and to give their opinion, as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be set up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for such lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, final at first, and in such manner, as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 18 feet by 18, which may serve for Mr. *Thorn* to attend in, and where the doctors, or any subscribers, may meet on occasion. And over the room another, to serve for a store-room; and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that must attend the lunatics.

XI. That these buildings be made plain and strong, with as little cost as can be.

XII. That the charge of these be computed separate, and of the inside necessities; so that the work may go on as fast as the subscription-fund can be got in.

XIII. That the subscribers, at the first meeting, do elect seven of their number, such as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting at the hospital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the first meeting of the subscribers; at which first meeting a second meeting may be agreed upon, and so from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this use may go on as the fund will bear, without obstructing the first useful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of several kinds, as the melancholy, &c. and some that are unruly by fits, a building must be designed for this sort; the floors not lofty, but made sufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

Dear Sir,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wish I could prevail on you to patronize it, and lay down your own scheme. I am most confident it cannot fail going on briskly. You have friends and interest enough to set it a going, although there may be some grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work speaks so much for itself, they must be ashamed not to contribute, much more to obstruct it.

In the paper called *The Proposal*, I have considered the privatest and least expensive way of going to work, avoided public forms, and grandees interposing. *Tom Thorne* by chance I thought upon for that reason, and for preventing jobs, &c. Do what you please with my papers. I am just ditto.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, November the 7th, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. *Floyd* is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout with, so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drinks drains in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find lady S—— dwindle in your's, who rises infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you say, you will say no more of courts for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think, that none who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust; and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you don't forgive. I have been about a fortnight from *Knowle*, and shall next *Thursday* go there again for about three weeks, where
I shall

I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

LETTER CCCXIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

November 16th, 1732.

I AM at last come to *London* before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead; and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, every thing is so precarious. I paid Mr. *Lancelot* 12 *l.* and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss, by paying off one of the *South-Sea* bonds: and I find I have remaining of your's 211 *l.* 15s. 6d. And I believe over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. *Hoare* hath done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. *Hoare*'s hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr. *Pope*, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holydays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined that neither any body else or myself shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of to draw you here, were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already,
with

with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice, so that I don't expect much encouragement; though I really think in justice, I ought to be paid for stifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. *Pulteney's* young son hath had the small pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the *Bath*. I must answer the letter you writ to the duchess and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of *January*. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular, that industry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

LETTER CCCXV.

Mr. ROBERT ARBUTHNOTT,
Merchant, to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Rouen, January 2d, 1732.

I HAVE flattered myself these many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over seas to *Sparw*, or to some such place, and that you would have taken *Paris* in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much that a person

person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of the change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health, and prosperity, and every thing that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

I recommend to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. *Delamere*. His brother, now dead, has been with you in *Ireland*: and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can shew him. Adieu, dear Sir. If I can serve you in any thing command me always, for I am with great esteem your most humble and most obedient servant,

ROB. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCCXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr.
SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Jan. 13th, 1732.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr.——*. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprize.

* ' Probably the reverend Mr. *Pilkington*, who came over to be chaplain to alderman *Barber*, when lord mayor of *London*.

I have

I have had but a melancholy sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would willingly have redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he hath left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay †. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost every body, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at *Westminster-Abbey*, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good duke of *Queensbury*, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the *Beggar's Opera*, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. *Curl* (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly, an account of his disgrace at court, which, I am sure, might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was over-ruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stock-jobbing, are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

† He died *December the 4th, 1732.*

Your

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. *Pope* has his usual complaints of head-ach and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his *Dunciad*, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of critics and restorers, wherein he declares that he has revised carefully this his *Dunciad*, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by: *John Barber, major civitatis Londini.*

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember, that a ministry in the queen's time, possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c. put all to the test, by an experiment of a silly project of the trial of a poor parson*. The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur.* I have considered the grievance of your wine: the friend that designed you good wine, was abused by an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is *Delamere*, to whom shew what friendship you can.

My neighbour the profseman is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse, (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suf-

* *Sackbeverel.*

fering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect, your most faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

February the 8th, 1732.

I RECEIVED yours of the 8th of *January* but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilst at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier*. She knew your hand, and enquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprize. Indeed, were it in people's power that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: and in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose it is my want of comprehension, that I can-

* The countess of S——.

not find out why she was to blame to give you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good nature, and right judgment. And if after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least, I cannot find out, that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her; because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it.—That I detest avarice in courts; corruption in ministers; schisms in religion; illiterate sawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge, to determine when it is really so: for as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles; and, I dare say, you know many instances of it in lord *Oxford's* time. But the strongest in my memory is, Sir *R*———
W———, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the *South-Sea* did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjust, and senseless party-factions are; therefore, I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to shew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them all together; and those people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire; in which number is lady———; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging,

judging, know her to be a wise, discreet, honest and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so, now, you have my creed as to her*.

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument; and then, it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant.

L E T T E R CCCXVIII.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

February the 21st, 1732.

S OON after the death of our friend Mr. Gay, I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But considering that might draw you into a correspondence, that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr. Pope shewed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual: by which advantage, I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities, you say, I *seem* to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar; and, if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having had such a friend can never be lost to me.

* This spirited defence of lady ———, against a man of Swift's ability and disposition, does lady B. G. more honour than she would have deserved by writing the best satire against all the courts and courtiers in the world.

As

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the justice, to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as you would him: and, I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing essential. The duke of ———— meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money-affairs. We both thought of it, as soon we could of any thing; and, if you will only write word what you would have done with it, great care shall be taken, according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless: the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so, but a little friendship could never satisfy one; and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost every thing, but friends, another of the same name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I feel much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. *Pope* good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you, in your own words, not to shorten your own: for I do full well know by experience, that health and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr. *Pope* is better in both this year, than I have seen him a good while. This you'll believe, unless he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greatest flatterer. I hope that

news

news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend; I wish you to be mine; I wish you may not be tired with this; I wish to hear from you soon; and all this in order to be my own flatterer. I will believe.—I never write my name.—I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the duke of ——— bids me tell you, that if you have occasion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

L E T T E R CCCXIX.

Dr. S W I F T to the Duchess of ———.

M A D A M,

March 20th, 1732.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since, I have been much disordered with a giddiness, that I have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend *, I mean, my banishment in this miserable country; for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, further than by a summer's visit; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; so that

* Mr. Gay.

my

my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace hath the same thoughts. Loss of friends hath been called a tax upon long life, and, what is worse, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in any thing longer, than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore all you say upon the subject of friendship, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which, considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court.

court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your grace, that the money may lie where you please, till I presume to trouble you with a bill as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very touchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. *Pope*, like a treacherous gentleman, shewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroaked that offensive word, to shew it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the *Mall*. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them, by a sort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-sufferers: I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your grace, I mean, to the last hour of my life and senses. I am with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, Madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of ———. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God, that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

L E T T E R CCCXX.

Lord C ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

March the 23d, 1738.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of *February*. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, tho' he said he would call again, and who he is, I don't know. I shewed it to my wife and lady *Worsley*, who will not fail to obey your commands, and teaze me, if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cause of the city of *Dublin* when it comes into the house. I know by experience, how much that city thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of *St. Patrick's*. I never doubted their compliance with you in so trivial a point as a* recorder. You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get those faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. *Pilkington* †. I have seen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord mayor's, where you was the first toast. I like

* Mr. *Stanard* was about this time chosen recorder of the city of *Dublin*, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.

† Husband of the celebrated Mrs. *Letitia Pilkington*. Alderman *Barber* was this year lord mayor, and having complimented the dean with the nomination of his chaplain, the dean nominated Mr. *Pilkington*.

the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he seems sensible.

I hope Dr. *Delaney* is well, and that you see one another often, and then the doctor won't have leisure to pursue his dissertations*, or to answer the reverend prelate on your side, who I hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer; which I hope, without offence, I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would shut my eyes to such revelation so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition; and therefore, I would run no risques as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and prosperity may attend you, is my sincere wish; and I intreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

The whole family of my ladies send their compliments.

L E T T E R CCCXXI.

Lord B—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Cirencester, March the 29th, 1735

MY MOST DEAR DEAN,

I AM indebted to you for several scraps of paper which you have sent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your com-

* *Revelation examined with Candour.*

mands signified in your *Penultième* ; I attended your cause ; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no costs. I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and no-body else would do it ; therefore give me leave to tell you, that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100 *l*. He would certainly have had that sum, if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders, in relation to the *Dublin* cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them, as it is possible, tho' I know nothing of the man or the matter in question. I have often reflected, (from what cause it arises, I know not) that the majority of a society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality ; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted determined villains. I know physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men : but, was there ever in the world a consultation of them, that tended to any thing else than robbery and murder ? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing else, but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind ? In short, there is no corporation to be excepted out of th's general rule, but the two houses of parliament, and all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed through the Christian world. So much for your *Dublin* cause.

Now, I must tell you, I want exceedingly to see you here ; and I would have you come just about *Midsummer*. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament sitting, all in a flame about excises ; and go into what company you will,
you

you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a sojourner for three days) and you shall be better accommodated than you were last time you was here. I can assure you, I have made great alterations; and to speak modestly, I think, I may say, it is by much the finest place in *England*. What *Ireland* may produce I cannot tell. *Pope* has promised to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him*.

Poor *John Gay*! we shall see him no more; but he will always be remembered, by those who knew him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I suspect you are grown very idle; for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of your's a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know, is the minding of other people's business. You that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an *Irish* solicitor. I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However let me see you. If I cannot laugh with you as I used to do, I will laugh at you; for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

* * Probably by the publication of *The first Satire of the second Book of Horace, imitated, in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope, Esq; on the one Part, and his learned council on the other.* Published in February, 1732-3.

L E T T E R CCCXXII.

Lord M—— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, April the 7th, 1733.

I HOPE you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner ; but I shall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mentioned, when it comes into the house. I shall not fail speaking to those few lords, I can be so free with, to attend also ; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction : and I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am sure there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the M——'s, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs, in relation to the exciting tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject ; and shall only desire your farther commands wherein I am capable to serve you ; assuring you, that I am, with great esteem and faith, Sir, your most faithful and humble servant.

Postscript by lady M——.

S I R,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure ; for in doing it you will oblige a vast number of people ; but nobody more, my dear Mr. Dean, than your affectionate humble servant.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXXIII.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April the 12th, 1735.

I RECEIVED yours of the 23d of *March*. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment ; so you see you are not the only person that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in *England* as in *Ireland* ; I am sure none worse than my own ; that I am made for pain, and pain for me ; for, of late, we have been inseparable. It is a most dispiriting distemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilst I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them ; but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man ! he was most truly every thing you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefulness of my mind. This is an odd expression ; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am touchy : yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind ; which, however, to do it justice, often directs me better than I act. Though I will not take upon me, to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same ; yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lye, than write it down ; for words are wind ('tis said) ; but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a

proof of my unfettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last; for my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, *viz.* disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wish to serve you, till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much, as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself or my friends. The very reverse happens to me, when I am too well spoken of; for I am sorry to find I don't deserve it all. This humbleth me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by con-

conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr *Lancelot*, and order him to give up Mr. *Gay's* note, on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you, just as you order. And as to what interest is due, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not: for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive, till an opportunity shews; but I do really think, that I am, dear Sir, most sincerely your's, &c.

LETTER CCCXXIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

May the 1st, 1733.

ISHOULD have answered your's of the 22d of *March* long ago; but that I have had some troubles and frights. The uneasiness I was under made me neglect what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myself, Mrs. *Chambers's* younger sister, having had the small-pox; but now perfectly well. Mrs. *Floyd* too has been excessively bad with her winter cough and dispiritedness; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of *Dorset* bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of *Churchtown*

is at Mr. *Stafford Lightburne's* service. As to the countess of *Suffolk's* affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her, without the shew of justice ; and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's * death came ; for though you are a proud parson, yet [give you, devil, your due] you are a sincere good-natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. *Kelly's* humble servant ; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in *Ireland* than she was in *England*. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for ; though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion from politics. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile, like a *Roman* emperor ?

Adieu, my ever-honoured old friend ; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

L E T T E R CCCXXV..

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

Amesbury, May the 31st, 1733.

I AM now again your *Tunbridge* correspondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that
blocked

* Mr. Gay.

blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as cheerful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by six in the morning, (I designed it always) and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve. This I call good hours, I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often: for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly repented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to, that is, going to the *Spaw* about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study, and a very agreeable one too, to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of a dizziness, which generally goes off by the head-ach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to spell, a vertigo, or vertigo. Pray understand that I, really and truly, do not only say, but mean, that I wish you could either meet us at the *Spaw*, or at *London*, to go on with us; and in this I am sure I shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to

resent it extremely, if you miss this opportunity. This you will believe if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirit, or quarrelling with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left *London*, and heard several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it; but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your law-suit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts, and ask my advice; if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I should be mighty glad to be of service to you; in making me so, you would shew kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to lady *Catharine* and *Charlotte* as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and half; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is her's. I have a brother, that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to *London*, which will be very soon,
your

your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

LETTER CCCXXVI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

June the 5th, 1733.

HAS Mr. *Stafford Lightburne's* friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he so busy in measuring the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a swimming, that he can't find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands. However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to *Dublin* by next post; so pray let Mr. *Lightburne* be ready to make his personal appearance, least they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace; and that the no-promise from him, and the one word from you, is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been so horribly used by a nasty griping brother black-coat, in a small three and six-pence affair of my own, that I don't know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent, for the sake of one bishop and minister, that I say, has cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been *South-Sea* or *East India* directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. *Floyd* to you; so, I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure
her

her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. *Kelly*, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs. *Chambers* about her health, and talks of going to *Spaw*. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you soon. See letters cccxxiv, and cccxxvii.

L E T T E R C C C X X V I I .

Lady B ——— G ——— to Dr. S W I F T .

Knoles, 9th July, 1733.

NOW, says parson *Swift**, What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, say I again: Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it spoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's ink. My bureau at *London* is so well furnished, that his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not: but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

* The name she called the dean by, in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on *The Game of Traffic*.

As to the * bishop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is *Peterborough*; and having a small park in *Northamptonshire*, which I had a mind to increase by a small addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it. Three shillings and six-pence worth of land, at the largest computation belongs to the church; for which my old parson, (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes from a *Sunday* dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40s. a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; besides, a great dinner to his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. *Kelly* is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from *Bristol*, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! that is such a moral reflexion, that least it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. *Floyd* is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old beloved friend.

* Dr. Robert Clavering.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXXVIII.

The Ducheſs of ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Amesbury, Nov. 3d, 1733.

I WAS mightily pleaſed to receive a letter from you laſt poſt; yet I am ſo ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deſerve it. The crueleſt revenge that one can poſſibly inflict (without hurting one's ſelf) is, that of being doubly diligent to thoſe who neglect one, in order to ſhock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myſelf, and that ſtrong appearances are againſt me, I muſt defend myſelf, and then you'll own I do not quite deſerve chaſtiſement.

The poſt before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I deſigned to have answered before I left *London* and *England*; but was hindered from both, for ſome time, by an expreſs which hurried us down to *Wincheſter* ſchool, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time, till I came to *Sparw*, we were never at home; and as ſoon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been ſtill upon the ramble. After all, theſe are not very ſubſtantial good reaſons; but, upon my word, I did deſign it; in order to which, two days ago I waſhed the mould out of my ink-horn, put freſh ink into it, and promiſed myſelf to write to you this very poſt. Pleaſing myſelf with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you ſtill in great regard before you could or would think it worth your while
to

to put me in mind of you. I could not possibly fail to gain credit, if you could possibly conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversible. I do not only pity, but grieve at those complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am really sorry, that you could not go with us to the *Spaw*. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater assurance desire you to believe, that I am, with great constancy, regard and respect,
your's, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXXIX.

The Duchess of ———— to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Nov. 10, 1733.

I HAVE only staid to give time for my letter. There is some satisfaction in sitting down to write, now that I am something less in your debt; I mean by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears, as the saying is. I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or
wear

wear one of their travelling sacks ; and yet, by not doing so, I did give some offence.

We have seen very many fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleasant countries. I like *Flanders* in particular, because it is the likest to *England*. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served ; so that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare : they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a genius, to be civil when they had to be so. Will you eat ? Will you play at cards ? are literally the tiptop well-bred phrases in use. The *French* people we met are quite of another turn, polite and easy ; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an *Irish* witness [if that be sufficient] that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at *Sparw*, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did ; and, you are a base man to say that any such impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey ; for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again ; but it is what I am strongly advised to, though I should not much want it, and I am not averse : travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At *Calais* we were wind-bound four or five days, and I was very well contented : when the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine, how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at *Breda*, where the innkeeper let drop, if you mean to go, an hour and half after we had fifty times told him, that positively we would

go. The other at *Amsterdam*, where we met with a very incurious gent. who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing; though besides the town, which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of *Dryden's Cimon* * are strictly applicable to me.

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country fair.

I shall forget to name my *Irish* friend. It is Mr. *Cote*. He is in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, Sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense, or good humour. I tell you, that I do use exercise; designedly, never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach, than of my mind; at sometimes proof against any thing, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. *Barber*, as soon as we come to *London*, where we stayed but three days. We are now at *Amesbury*; but pray, direct for me at *London*. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe every thing you say of her, though I have hitherto had a natural aversion to a poetess.

I am come almost to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule I remember with poor Mr. *Gay* and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be

* The story of *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*, in his fable.

carrying

carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happiness attend you ever. I fear I have written so very ill that I am quite unintelligible.

His grace is very much your's.

LETTER CCCXXX.

The Countess of GRANVILLE *
to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Hawnes, Nov. the 27th, 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I don't know we ever quarrelled; but if we did I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into *England*, and make *Hawnes* † in your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you'll believe I am the charming Dean's Most obedient humble servant.

* 'Grace, widow and relict of George lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville earl of Bath. She was created viscountess Carteret, and countess Granville, 1st January, 1714-15, with limitation of those honours to her son John, the late earl.'

† 'A seat of lord Carteret, late earl Granville, in Bedfordshire.'

L E T

L E T T E R CCCXXXI.

Lady B ——— G ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

March the 2d, 1733-4.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again ; and I do assure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got rid of your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor lady *Suffolk* will never have ; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger : and sure then it is hard, if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from *Ireland*, *Bettesworth*, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle* ; but this good you had from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours shew they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. *Floyd* has passed this winter rather better than the last ; but cold weather is an enemy to her ; and when you see her,

* About this time, an attempt was made to repeal the *Test Act* in *Ireland* ; and the dissenters on this occasion, affected to call themselves *Brother Protestants*, and *Fellow-Christians*, with the Members of the *Established Church*. This the dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, that so provoked one *Bettesworth*, a lawyer, and member for the *Irish* parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming, or murdering the author ; and, for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the dean where-ever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of *Bettesworth* were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of *St. Patrick's*, waited upon the dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names ; in which, they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune as the friend and benefactor of his country. See the verses, vol. vii. *Bar. edit.* 1754, p. 251.

I fear

I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the composition will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my duke and dutchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be your's, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but, I fear you will not. However, God blefs you; and, adieu.

LETTER CCCXXXII.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 4, 1733-4

IF ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present; for no truth can furnish me with sufficient excuse for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my fault, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish every body was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, *viz.* a journey to *Scotland*, where we have been going every week, and every day since *Christmas*; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently

quently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy [who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next *July*] to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr. *Locke*, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. *Gay's* *; we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on *Thursday* for *Edinburgh*, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. We shall deposite our guineas for Mrs. *Barber* with Mr. *Pope*, or my brother. I
with

* 'It was intituled, *Achilles, an Opera*, and was represented at the theatre in *Drury-lane*; but without success. It was written in the manner of the *Beggar's Opera*, and contained a ludicrous representation of the discovery of *Achilles* by *Ulysses*.'

you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits ; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, Sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am your most faithful friend, &c.

LETTER CCCXXXIII.

Mr. GRANT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, March the 14th, 1733-4

VERY REVEREND SIR,

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good ; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of *Ireland*, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white herring, and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may
be

the consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking ; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the inclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it ; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniences, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them ; and I should reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce into *Britain*, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter ; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here ; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country ; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it

is

is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both *Britain* and *Ireland*, than the fishing does ; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both : to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with ; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you ; in which case you may direct for me, merchant in *London*.

LETTER CCCXXXIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, April the 12th, 1734.

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of *February* very lately ; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds

finds me out in my retreat. Our friend *Pope* is in town, and to him I send this letter ; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. *Faulkner* any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you ; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shook, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain ; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can ; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other ; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea* ; and *Bathurst* is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied ; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them : the first book being finished, the others will soon follow ; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing ?——Good, I am sure. But of what kind ? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily

repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this Island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no *English* word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do.

LETTER CCCXXXV.

Lord C————— to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Jermyn-street, April 13, 1734.

I H A D the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say, that these alliances * are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step towards being happy. As to the other things, I go on as well as I can; and now and then observe that I have more friends than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion: however it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. Barber, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary; but you have done that so effectually,

* ' His lordship's third daughter, Georgina-Carolina, was married, 24 Feb. 1733-4 to the honourable John Spencer.'

that

that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. Delaney is, as he always used to be, chearful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady *Worsley*, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

C.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVI.

Lord BOLINBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

From my Farm, June 37th, 1734.

I THANK you, my dear Dean; or to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of *May*, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance; and provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt, or them good; their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion, I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects.

jects. I have read, in the golden verses of *Pythagoras*, or in some other collection of wise apothegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed, as the result of them. This we affirm; and, in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of *Siam* affirmed that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the *Talapoins*, do they not call them so? held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of *Ava*; their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of *Europe*; and who was, at the same time, the
idlest

idlest creature living ; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbands, &c. who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose, that some *Rochfaucault* or other, some *Anthroponomical* sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business, never does it: nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear Doctor, to the application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business, or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business have

been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers ; for retiring from it, have falling into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as *Seneca* mentions, in one of his letters to *Lucilius*, to have been put over the door of one *Vattia*. *Hic situs est Vattia*. But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austerely to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *Stoics* were an affected, pedantical sect ; but I have always approved that rule of the *Pythagoreans*, that a philosopher was not to except himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. *Mencius*, and his master *Confucius*, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts ; the duties of a man ; of an individual, as a member of a family ; and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some are, I believe, philosophers in business ; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of *Pope*. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at *Cirencester* ; he came thither from my lord *Cobham's* ; he came to my lord *Cobham's* from Mr. *Dormer's* ; to Mr. *Dormer's* from *London* ; to *London* from *Chiswick* ; to *Chiswick* from my farm ; to my farm from his own garden ; and he goes soon from lord *Bathurst's* to lord *Peterborough's* ; after which, he returns to my farm again. The dæmon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of *Horace*, which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c. and has chose rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. He has sent it me ; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy ; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him

him in doing. I am glad you approve his *Moral Essays*. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find a great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences decuble from these doctrines were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the freethinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming amongst us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intend to say upon a passage in your letter; or if any thing else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

LETTER CCCXXXVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

Hampstead, Oct. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reason to put me amongst the rest of your forgetful friends ; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health ; the last I sent a great while ago, by one *De La Mar*. I can assure you, with greath truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, amongst the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forbore for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again ; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to *London*, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life ; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour,

bour, and then blown back to sea ; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world ; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man ; but the world, in the main, displeaseth me ; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities, that are like to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to *England* ! the reasons you assign, I am sure, are not sufficient ; the journey I am sure will do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock ; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a good temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment *, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour for all that is in the world. This world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes ; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

* Dr. Arbuthnot died in *March*, 1734-5.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVIII.

Lady B———— G———— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, 7th Nov. 1734.

DON'T accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and I had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about two months ago, at my own house, and had my duke and dutchess with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president * and *Knola*. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frightful when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physic nor physician that's good for any thing. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of *Chandois*, nor I believe has the duke of *Dorset* much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records † a-

* *Spencer earl of Wilmington.*

† These records were manuscripts relating to the history of *Ireland*, which had been collected by Sir *James Ware*, before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When lord *Clarendon* was lord lieutenant, in 1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of Sir *James*, and brought them into *England*. After lord *Clarendon's* death, they were sold to the duke of *Chandois*. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in *England* and *Ireland*; and the Dean having read that account of them, was very desirous to procure them for public use. See a letter written by the Dean to the duke of *Chandois*, soliciting his grace to present them to the public library at *Dublin*, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

again,

gain, because, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the duke of *Dorset*, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend Dr. *Arbuthnott*, I hear is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way, I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to *England*, which would be a great pleasure to your most sincere old friend and humble servant.

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

Mr. J A R V I S * to Dr. S W I F T.

Hampton, November the 24th, 1734.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

Y O U can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at finding my old friend the bishop of *Worcester* † so hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see *Dublin* again, and your *Teague* escapes hanging so long, I will myself trusts him for non-admittance, when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the the lady will send you Mr. *Connolly's* picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it.

* A celebrated painter, and contemporary with Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

† Dr. *John Hough*, bishop of *Worcester*.

Our

Our friend *Pope* is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, a *son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcass so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon enquiry, I learn that exercise is the best medicine for giddinesses. *Penny* made Mrs. *Pandarvis* happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear Dean, your's most affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, &c. and am very well.

L E T T E R. CCCXL.

Lady B———G——— to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. the 13th, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of *Dorset* such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I don't know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind *Montague-bouse* *. He says it is some time ago that he commanded me to write to you, to assure you, he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since; but yet (at the

* Where duels were frequently fought.

times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say? So now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The * countess has quitted the court because, after a long illness at *Bath*, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress, but her very enemies will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXLI.

The Earl of STRAFFORD †
to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, Feb. 18th, 1734-5.

TO honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. *Skerret*, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the house of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise

* The countess of *Suffolk*.

† He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of *Utrecht*.

got several lords to attend; but, on printing his case our new lord chancellor † (who at present has a great party in the house) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr. *Sherret* had not fully explained matters to the house; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in *Ireland*) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondent's answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in *Ireland* might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause reheard; but in the house of lords our decrees are final; and it would be hard for any, by surprise, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause to *Thursday* five weeks; and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expence of seeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time: and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I

† *Talbot.*

thought

thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for further chicanery. As I have not seen your friend Mr. *Skerret* since this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you desire of, Sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the house of commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder if I expect this to be opened.

LETTER CCCXLII.

Lord C ————— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Jermyn-Street, March 6th, 1734-5.

I H A D the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the justest principle, and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr. *Lindsay*, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for captain *Rowley* in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge *Lindsay* and I sat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty; and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like * *Traulus* and *Pistorides*. I am impatient for four volumes said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. *Tickell* last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the mean time, they will be studied by my sons and sons-in-law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. *Delaney*, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

Sir,

That you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, &c. &c. &c. all join with me in good wishes to you; and, I hope, you will continue to believe that I am with the greatest respect, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

* *Jesbua*, lord *Allen*, a privy counsellor, and *Richard Tighe*, Esq;

LETTER CCCXLIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to
Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 11th, 1734-5.

I HAVE often desired our friend *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. *Lorinan* to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. *Lorinan* has all the success he could expect or wish for: his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he asked me (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new bishop of *Derry's* rents? I told him, I would try; I did so, but found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the * man from being an *English* bishop, and

* Dr. *Thomas Rundle* was promoted to the rich see of *Derry* in *Ireland*, in *February*, 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the see of *Gloucester*, in *England*, which had been intended for him in *November*, 1734; but he was then, as is said, charged with *Arianism*, and also with denying the truth of *Abraham's* offering up his son. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of *Gloucester*, was between the chancellor and the bishop of *London*: the chancellor was his friend, and the bishop his enemy.

after-

afterwards allowing him to be a good Christian enough for an *Irish* one? Sure, the opposition, on the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. *Rundle's* character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of *Hermon* upon the hill of *Sion*, or like the ointment that ran down into *Aaron's* beard, and to the skirts of his cloathing, I cannot say; but I am sure, it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any enquiry into the scandalous method of *nominating*, instead of *electing* the sixteen *Scotch* peers: and these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in our's; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and, I see always will prevail there. Poor *Arbutnott*, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly esteemed of his own countrymen*, is dead. He, lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company†. What I have said of the doctor, may perhaps:

* He was a native of *Scotland*.

† This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of *Arbutnott's* turn; a man of humour, whose mind seemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous even in vice itself. That to such a man, to whose fancy almost every character, and every event furnished a comedy, death should be welcome because life was insipid, is a melancholy and striking proof, that
even

perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of visiting *England* this summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you. Among them, there is none that does so, more sincerely than, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

L E T T E R CCCXLIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

April the 5th, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called post-crypt, you employ me about Dr. *Sheridan's* exchange, when the letters for it must have been at *Dublin* long before your's came away. I was just thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy; but to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

The countess of *Suffolk* did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400*l.* a year, which the duchess of *Dorset* quitted to her, there being no

even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; or, that those who are best qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themselves; that their mirth is not an effusion of hilarity that overflows their own breasts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the sad concomitant of vexation of spirit. See the doctor's own account of himself, which seems not perfectly to agree with what is here said of him in his letter, dated October 4th, 1734.
lady

lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bed-chamber-woman. As to her part about *Gay*, that I cleared to you long ago: for, to my certain knowledge no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as to the question, Whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think she was heartily sorry, to be obliged, by ill usage, to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly, and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. *Floyd* has a cough every winter, and generally so bad, that she often frightens me for the consequences. My faucy niece * presents her service to parson *Swift*. The duchess of *Dorset* is gone to *Bath* with lady *Lambert*, for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters, but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her cholic.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing such a long letter, so adieu, my dear Dean.

* ' *Mary*, eldest daughter, and one of the coheirs of *Thomas Chambers* of *Hanworth* in *Middlesex*, Esq; by lady *Mary Berkeley*, sister to earl *Berkeley*, and to lady *B—G—*. She married in April 1736, lord *Vera Beauchamp*, now lord *Vera*.'

LETTER COCXLV.

The Archbishop of CASHELL to
Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cashell, April 7th, 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr. * *Dunkin* was ordained here last *Thursday*, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius ; which, I hope will in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too ; and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in *Dublin*, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends ; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think, I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer-friends. When I conversed with politicians, I learned, that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires : for which reason, I won't tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at *St. Patrick's*, I should think myself the happiest man in the world ; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last hea-

* The reverend Mr. *Dunkin*, the author of several poetical pieces that have been well received.

vy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to my church ; which, if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer ? I have laid aside all my country politics, sheriffs, elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy it would not be disagreeable to you, to see king *Cormack's* chapel, his bed-chamber, &c. all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was the king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church ; and I am sure, you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing it ; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

LETTER CCCXLVI.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq;
to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April the 29th, 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. *Stopford* ; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me ; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down

to

to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other public business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectations of weeding the house; and upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out. I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our house, for the encouragement of learning* (as the title bears) but I think, it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say, but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in *England* (as I hope it will next year) you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribbons, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis premia* †. Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord *Bolingbroke* is going to *France* with lord *Berkeley*; but I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. *Stofford* to the duke of *Dorset*; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue lord

* 'The title of it was, *An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning.*'

† This was before he attained the title of earl of *Bath*.

lieutenant.

Lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives, that he is to be turned out soon after his return from *Ireland*, possibly he may desire not to go.

LETTER CCCXLVII.

Dr. S W I F T to Lady B—— G——

M A D A M,

May 5th, 1735.

I F I N D your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary ; which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less ; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which, not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor flatterers, nor dependers ; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue ; and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power : and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks ; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains: and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary employment. The countess of *Kerry*, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. *Deering*, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. *John Fitzmaurice*. Her eldest son, lord *Fitzmaurice*, hath for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife*. The case hath been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of *Kerry* and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who hath lately married honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but hath no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor, with which, my lord and lady *Kerry* would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of *Kerry's* is one of the most antient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger son might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times, than

* When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married lady *Gertrude Lambert*, eldest daughter to *Richard* earl of *Cavan*, 29th June 1738, by whom he had the present earl of *Kerry*. The honourable *John Fitzmaurice*, here recommended by Dr. *Swift* for small employments, afterwards succeeded his uncle, *Henry* earl of *Shelburne*, in his honours and an immense estate both real and personal. The present earl of *Shelburne* is his son.

to my own speculative notions of virtue ; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my lady *Kerry*, &c.

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

The Archbishop of CASHELL
to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cashell, May the 5th, 1735.

I HAVE been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am like to be over-matched : and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess, I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime serjeant I hope soon to get rid of ; and then you shall see me a true *Irish* bishop. Sir *James Ware* has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born in such a town of *England* or *Ireland* ; were consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried in their chathedral church, either on the North or South side. From whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die ; which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow : for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it
incumbent

incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to preserve a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a Southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh ; and I don't know, except in one stage, where you can chuse a road so suited to your circumstances, as from *Dublin* hither. You have to *Kilkenny* a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From *Kilkenny* hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all : but, I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just mid-way, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor ; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. His chickens, are the fattest, and his ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hog'shead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side ; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than *Robin*. Here I design to meet you with a coach : if you be tired, you shall stay all night ; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at *Cashell* by nine ; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will shew us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at *Kilkenny*, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, *Cope* will come : he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

E 2

LET-

L E T T E R CCCXLIX.

Lady B———— G———— to Dr. S W I F T.

London, July the 12th, 1735.

I H A V E not answered yours of the 15th of *June* so soon as I should; but the duke of *Dorset* had answered all yours e'er your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has shewed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from *Normandy*. if heralds don't lie, or his granums did not play false; and whilst he is lord lieutenant (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare say will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I answer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The countess of *Suffolk* (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother *George Berkeley* for better, for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good-natured man. The town is surprized; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he hath appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since she hath been a widow, so pray don't mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy: and if they should
not

not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir Robert *, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish — but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but what ever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteely. In this hurry of matrimony I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr Curll set forth letters amorous, satirical. and gallant, between Dr. Swift, lady Mary Chamber, lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long, and several other persons. I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

* Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

L E T T E R CCCL.

Lady B———— G———— to Dr. S W I F T.

Sept. 4th, 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse ; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at *Knowle* with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing any thing I should, I am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to *Ireland* with their graces ; which is also part of the road to *Drayton*, where I intend to stay till *November*, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there ; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his grace of *Dorset* and you ; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you ; since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since lady *Suffolk* would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother *George* ; for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I don't know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good man.

We

We are now full of expectation of his royal highness's * wedding. Her highness's jewels are bought, and her cloaths bespoke; and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and *St. James's*; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I don't at all know when the lady will come over. Your friend Mrs. *Floyd* is grown fat and well under the duchess of *Dorset's* care and direction at *Knowle*. Our friend *Curll* has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. *Pope's*. He should have made those silly bitter verses on me to have been his too, instead of Sir *William Trumbal's*, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so much afraid of suppressing the press, that every body must suffer under that, and the lyes of the news papers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear Dean.

LETTER CCCLI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Nov. the 13th, 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered above a month since; but I know your sauciness, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend her's, it makes yours grow worse; and the answer to me had been,—Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine; now the duke and duchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do?

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you

* *Frederick*, then prince of *Wales*.

want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of *Peterborough*; and the connoisseurs say, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy if it ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in *Northamptonshire*. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must make, is some; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse; for being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be bishop of *Corke*; for his grace is such a silly conceited man, that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. *Whetcombe**, because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man; and if I was his grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the countess and *George*, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. *Composition* † is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

* *John Whetcombe*, D. D. then fellow of *Dublin college*, made bishop of *Clenfort* in *Ireland*, 24th *December*, 1735, and consecrated 4th *January* following. He was afterwards translated to the archbishopric of *Cashell*, and died in 1754.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

L E T T E R CCCLII.

Dr. S W I F T to the Duke of D O R S E T.

MY LORD,

December 30th, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains: and this arrear I have assigned to to one Mr. *John Jackson*, who is vicar of *Santry*, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris* * of two bishoprics, among which is the deanry of *Ferns*, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier, who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club†, to do something at

* The shattered remains.

† The parliament of *Ireland*.

the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote scripture: Although the childrens meat should not be giving to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the childrens table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. *Jackson* is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy to whom I might appeal to for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in *England*; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none as a dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tythes.

Mr. *Jackson* cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Mul-*

*ta—veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam mul-
to plures sumus) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in banc
concedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

L E T T E R CCCLIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. the 10th, 1735-6.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it do me good for the head-ach.

I don't know what offences the duke of *Dorset's* club, as you call them; commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The countess of *Suffolk* is your humble Servant. Mr. *Pope* and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose

suppose there is no doubt of it ; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. *Pope's*. Why, pray, do you fancy I don't desire to cultivate Mr. *Pope's* acquaintance ? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places ; and, as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to *England*, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. *Biddy Floyd* has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend

E—— G——.

L E T T E R CCCLIV.

Mrs. PANDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Brook-street, London, April 22d; 1736.

I AM sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to *Bath*. I was in hopes, you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I left *Bath* last Sunday sev'n-night, very full and gay. I think *Bath* a more comfortable place to live in than *London*; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less.

When

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was *Farinelli**; I find it now turned on *Pasquin*, a dramatic satire on the times †. It has had almost as long a run as the *Beggar's Opera*; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding ‡. Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The news papers say, my lord *Carteret's* youngest daughter is to have the duke of *Bedford* §. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The duke of *Marlborough* and his grandmother are upon bad terms. The duke of *B—*, who has been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of *M—* to supply him with ten thousand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The duke of *Chandois's* marriage has made a great noise; and the poor duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in *Bury-street, Wapping* §.

Mrs. *Donnellan*, I am afraid, is so well treated in *Ireland*, that I must despair of seeing her here. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

* A celebrated *Italian* singer.

† This was written by the late *Henry Fielding*, and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called *The Election*, and the tragedy, *The Life and Death of Queen Common-Sense*. This and some other dramatic satires, by the same author, levelled, against the administration of the late lord *Orford*, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number of play-houses, which was passed in 1737.

‡ Of *Frederic*, prince of *Wales*.

§ His grace married Miss *Gower*, daughter of the lord *Gower* by his first wife, on the first of *April* 1737.

§ She was lady *Daval*, widow of Sir *Thomas Daval*, and had a fortune of 40,000*l*.

I hope

I hope I shall hear from you soon : you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PANDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. *Delaney*.

L E T T E R CCCLV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

June 23d, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering your's of the 1st of May, before I thank you for that of the 15th of *June*: but I don't question the news-papers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother *Henry Berkeley*.

* * * * *

She that you call my faucy niece, has bestowed her very great fortune, (much more than you mention) on lord *Vere Beauclerk*, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go, in about a fortnight, to *Knowle*; and, when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the duke of *Dorset*. My brother *George* and lady *Suffolk* are gone to *France*, to make a visit to lord *Berkeley*; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to *Sparw* and *Aix-la-Chapelle* for her health, which I truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother

brother *George* is not the honest good-natured man I really take him to be ; and she dissembles well if she is not so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters ; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times, Your most sincere and truly humble servant,

E. G.

LETTER CCCLVI.

Mr. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Corke, July 2d, 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands in relation to Mr. * *Dunkin* ; and, in pursuance of them, have wrote to two of my friends, among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition, and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and chearfulness possible : which, I assure you, I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the

* A female relation of Mr. *Dunkin* had bequeathed an estate in land, forever, to the college and fellows of *Trinity* college, *Dublin*, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterwards assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this request, allowed him, at this time, an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased to 100l. He succeeded in his application ; and the earl of *Chesterfield*, when he had the government of *Ireland*, in the year 1746, gave him the school of *Enniskilling*, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king *Charles I.*

success

success of an affair which you wish well to. I hope all difficulties will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you have done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not shew their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health. I am sure it is what we all have reason to desire the continuance of; and, what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

LET.

LETTER CCCLVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

July the 11th, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed; only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. The answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his: that the duke could not refuse him; especially as my lord Orrery had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy. Though at the same time, he assured me, he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is very deserving. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extreme willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. I will not agree, that you never did prevail, *on any one occasion*; because, the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and, I knew before, he had set himself.

Lady

Lady *Suffolk* is now at *Spaw*, with my brother *George*, for her health; and, as I shall go, for my own, to the *Bath*, in *September*, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

LETTER CCCLVIII.

Mrs. PANDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Brook-street, September the 2d, 1736.

I NEVER will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; don't flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head: the *Bath* and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction, but from your own hand, most of my *Dublin* correspondents being removed to *Corke*, to *Wicklow Mountains*, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this enquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has giving me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir *John Stanley's* garden at *North-End*: it is chiefly composed of shells I had from *Ireland*. My life for two months past has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living

living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by *Rollin's History of the Ancients*, in *French*. I am very well pleased with it ; and think your *An nibals*, *Scipios*, and *Cyrus's*, prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last ; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir *John Stanley* has been all the summer at *Tunbridge*.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. *Pope's* accident ; which had like to have proved a very fatal one: He was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. *Pope* after her ; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name was *Talbot*: she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr. *Pope* is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again ; being, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PANDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you could like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion ; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival ; and nothing but your partiality to me, as an older acquaintance, could make you give me the preference.

I beg

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. *Delaney*.*
 Sir *John Stanley* says, if you have not forgot
 him, he desires to be remembered as your hum-
 ble servant.

LETTER CCCLIX.

Mrs. BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Bath, November the 3d, 1736.

I SHOULD long since have acknowledged
 the honour of your kind letter, but that I found
 my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was
 fearful of having the gout in it; so I humbly be-
 seech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful;
 nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations
 I lie under to you, which, heaven knows, are ne-
 ver out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your good-
 ness, in inviting me to return to *Ireland*, and gene-
 rously offering to contribute to support me there.
 But would it not be base in me, not to try to do
 something for myself; rather than be burthensome
 where I am already so much indebted?

As to the friend whom you say, Sir, is in so much
 better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I
 did not assure you that friend has never failed of
 being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to
 pursue the scheme of *letting lodgings*. Your good-
 ness and compassion for my unhappy state of health,
 has made you think of it for me; 'tis impracticable,
 but I am desirous to try if I can do any good by sel-
 ling *Irish linen*, which I find is coming much into re-

* This lady was sometime afterwards married to Dr.
Delaney.

pute here ; in that way my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from *Bath*, I have reason to think, that the remainder of my life would be very miserable and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever ; since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good ; besides this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son, who is learning to paint, goes on very well, and, if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at *Bath* ; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be never so indifferent : and I am in hopes that *Con.* may settle here. Dr. *Mead*, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And, if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined, that I do not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then : and I find Mr. *Barber* is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are ; not, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms, that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable : and, if I live till my son, the painter, goes into business, he might be with me. As for *Con.* if he does not chuse to settle here, good Dr. *Helsbam*, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to *Ireland*.

I have

I have now, Sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation, and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me. I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour, which, if you, Sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr. King, of *Oxford*, was last in *Ireland*, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on *Polite Conversation*, and gave such an account of it in *London*, at made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady *Worseyley*, who heard of it from Mrs. *Cleland**; and many more of my patronesses pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your *original poems*; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume further upon your goodness: but, when I was last in *London*, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and, indeed, I have attempted it many a time since, but never could till now.——I humbly beseech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for asking it; for it was others that, out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself, by your writings; and, that, since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you, to see me in easy circumstances; that every body would gladly subscribe for any thing Dr. *Swift*

* ‘ Lady *Worseyley*, wife of Sir Robert *Worseyley*. Mrs. *Cleland*, wife of major *William Cleland*, a friend of Mr. *Pope*, and author of the *Letter to the Publisher of the Dunciad*, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem.’

wrote;

wrote; and, indeed, I believe in my conscience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this season; amongst others, lady *Carteret*, and Mrs. *Spencer* *; who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. *Spencer's* account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold stomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the *Bath waters*; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of *that kind*: I know, Sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? If you will not try for *your own sake*, why will you not, in pity to your country? O! may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. *Temple* ‖ was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine *Madeira*, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself, you will visit *Moor-Park* once again: Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful, humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

* ' Daughter of lord *Carteret*, married, first to the honourable *John Spencer*, brother to the duke of *Marlborough*, and afterwards to the late earl *Cowper*.'

‖ *John Temple*, Esq; nephew of Sir *William Temple*, whose grand-daughter he married. He was brother to the late lord viscount *Palmerston*.'

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

November the 2d, 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you ; and he also is troubled at it, as the person you recommend, is, indeed, what you say, a very worthy person ; but Mr. *Molloy*, who was lord *George's* second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by for this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings ; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends ; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer, or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before : and I am now literally setting out for *Bath*. So adieu ! dear Dean.

L E T.

LETTER CCCLXI.

Lord CASTLEDURROW • to
Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Castledurrow, December 4th, 1736.

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly, on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall rather compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twitts before its benefactor? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your oeconomy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for fuel to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean *Aldrich*, the greatest man who e-

* This was *William* lord baron of *Castledurrow*, whose son *Henry* was created lord viscount *Ashtbrook* in the year 1751.

ver presided in that high post ; that over *Virgil* and *Horace*, *Gay* and *Phillips* smoaked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, besides the expence of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled ; but a scrap of paper I design to inclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and such other innocent amusements, I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old-fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and resit myself for the public ; but my own notion of the world, for sometime past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. *Woodward's* shield * ; though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next six months for *England*. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther ; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and,

* The Character of Dr. *Cornelius Scriblerus* in the *Memoirs* of his son *Martinus Scriblerus*, was intended for Dr. *Woodward*, who wrote a dissertation on an antique shield ; and Dr. *Cornelius* is represented as having intended to place his son in what he conceived to be an antique shield, to be christened ; but which being given to the maid, with its venerable rust upon it, she scoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old sounce without a nozzle.

with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a *Christmas-box* : small as the present is, pray believe I am, with sincere respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

Verſes by lord *Caſtledurrow*, incloſed in the former letter.

Letitia's Character of her Lover, rendered in metre.

Old women ſometimes can raiſe his deſire
The young, in their turn, ſet his heart all on fire,
And ſometimes again he abhors woman-kind.
Was ever poor wretch of ſo fickle a mind !

The Lover's Answer.

*Parcius junctas quatiunt Feneſtras,
Iſtibus crebris juvenes protervi ;
Nec tibi Somnos adimunt : amatque
Janua Limen.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 35.

No more ſhall frolic youth advance
In ſerenade, and am'rous dance ;
Redoubling ſtroke no more ſhall beat
Againſt thy window and thy gate ;
In idle ſleep now lie ſecure,
And never be unbarr'd the door.

L E T T E R CCCLXII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to
Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, December the 21st, 1736.

I WAS at the *Bath* when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay till my return to *London*, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physick and water-drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them. For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules, of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. *Stopford's* good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of *Dorset*, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since *John Gay* assured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterwards, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think
it

it is in *Tully's Offices*, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the duke of *Dorset*, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more amongst you, and the rather since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord *Essex* will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to shew some regard to my recommendations. I have lately teen a gentleman who is come from *France*, who assures me, the person you enquire after, and to who you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination towards it, though near ninety years old. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope shewed me a letter he had ately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord *Chesterfield* says, if he does not come by *Twelfth-day*, the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs. *Mapp*, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and

six horses, on the *Kentish* road was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and conclude she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No *Hanover* whore! no *Hanover* whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them. She was no *Hanover* whore! she was an *English* one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risque the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished; and yet I dare say I don't know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord *Carteret*, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you, that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.



LET-

LETTER CCCLXIII.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to
Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Castledurrow, Jan. 1st, 1736.

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon. I am delighted with the sketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, Sir Robert*. Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet thing I ever eat. The oeconomy of your table is delicious; a little, and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of *Corelli's orchestra*†, in forming which he excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than lord chancellor *Middleton*; his table the neatest served

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

† * His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. *Corelli*, the famous Italian musician and composer, being eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert.

of any I have seen in *Dublin*, which to be sure was intirely owing to his lady. You really surprize me, when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. *Dublin* is famous for vanity this way ; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and seasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any lord lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence than our present vice-roy *. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare assure, love him least. It is pity there is any alloy in so beneficent a temper ; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none ; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity, which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to *England* for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience : but I beg to see you in your private capacity ; not in your princely authority ; for as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you

* The duke of *Dorset*.

to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and with sincere esteem, your most obedient humble servant,
 CASTLEDURROW.

L E T T E R CCCLXIV.

Dr. S W I F T to Lady B—— G——.

M A D A M,

January 29th, 1736.

IOWE your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great *Mogul*; while the very few honest or moderate men of the *Whig* party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but intirely after consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modesty standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the
 F 5 point

point of promises and employments ; but a plain honest *English* farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a scrap for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve in silence, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom ; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of *Dorset*.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health hath driven you to the *Bath* ; the same cause hath hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life to expect a great deal worse ; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left : while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which heaven bestowed on you, for the delight of our friends, the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady *Suffolk*, and your happy brother.

I am, with the truest respect, madam, your, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. PULTENEY.

S I R,

March 7th, 1736.

I MUST begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am ; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health, and old age ; and yet I confess, that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues urgeth me on to retain some little place in your memory, for that time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letters is own to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country, with more than an old *Roman* spirit, which hath reached this obscure enslaved kingdom, so far as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from *Bath* ; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers in the post-offices here and in *London* have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians ; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men ; but I never received the least benefit from their advice and prescriptions. And poor Dr. *Arbuthnot* was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case ; yet could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way,
was

was a virtue that *Alexander* and *Cæsar* could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind ; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself as it now acts ; and neither will I ever value myself as a *Philanthropus*, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. *Stopford* was with me last night ; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morality and religion *.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of *Dorset's* having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us. I wrote to a lady in *London*, his grace's near relation, an intimate †, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never designed to attend him again ; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost any where met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke ; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he hath seen. I never made him one request for myself ; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard ; which was but twice, and for trifles.

* *Amicus prodesse, nemini nocere.* See Mr. *Pulteney's* letter, dated Dec. 21, 1736.

† See his last letter to lady E—— G——, dated Jan. 29, 1736.

The father of our friend in *France* † may outlive the son ; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in *England*, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me, with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring, to make a trip to *England*, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an *Academick*, *Nego consequentiam*. And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the *French* call *plein du vie*. As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body ; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. *Mapp* while it was new to us : there was something humorous in it throughout, that pleased every body here. Will you engage your friend *Carteret* to oppose any step towards arbitrary power ? He hath promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm ; and yet some reports go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he hath, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he hath bestowed you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say, Amen. I am, with the truest respect, and highest esteem, Sir, your, &c.

† ' The friend in *France* appears to be lord viscount *Bolbrooke*, whose father, Sir *Henry St. John*, bart. had been created baron *St. John* of *Battersea*, and viscount *St. John*, 2d July, 1716.'

LETTER CCCLXVI.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, March 15, 1736-7.

I RECEIVED your commands, by *Faulkner*, to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of *Corke* is ever the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at *Helvoetsluys*, than I am here. The butchers are as greasy, the quakers as formal, and the presbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord, as usual: all things are in *statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will write on; *Ogilby*, *Blackmore*, and my lord *Grimstone**, have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the *Change*; but am told, that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned of them having read a most dreadful account, in *Littleton's* dictionary, of *Pandora's* gold box, it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered, that *Pandora* was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. *Littleton* forgets to mention) they would have seen, that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, when I have taken my seat among the grey-beards.

My letters from *England* speak of great combus-

* The author of a play called, *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

s there. *Abfalom* continues a rebel to royal
David: the *Achitophels* of the age are numerous and
 high-spirited. The influence of the comet seems
 to have strange effects already. In the mean time,
 here live we, drones of *Corke*, wrapp'd up in our
 own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine*. Hea-
 ven, and all good stars protect you! For let the
 thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe,
 and unsinged; who cares whether *Persia* submits its
 government to the renowned *Kouli Khan*, or that
 beardless, unexperienced youth, the *Sopbi*. At
 least, the vicar of *Bray* and I shall certainly be con-
 tented.

LETTER CCCLXVII.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, March the 18th, 1736.

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have *
 received from Mr. *Pope*, of which I send
 you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust
 the original to the accidents of the post. I
 likewise send you part of a fifth volume of *Curll's*
Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you,
 (one from Mr. *Pope*, the other from lord *Bolingbroke*)
 just published, with an impudent preface, by *Curll*.
 You see, *Curll*, like his friend the Devil, glides
 through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the
 most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. *Pope* is still
 uneasy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I
 sent him from *Dublin* (which he has not yet receiv-
 ed) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the
 last discourse I had with you on this topic, you

* See the next letter.

remember

remember you told me, he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution.

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanery, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. *Pope's* letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to *England* in *June*, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I intreat you, give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life; which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXVIII.

Mr. P O P E to the Earl of O——.

M Y L O R D,

AFTER having consoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of our friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he had valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars to be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I inclose to you, that you may shew him. The man's declaration, *That he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water*, with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet, the Dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and, the third time silent; I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and, in whatever hands, while they are *Irish* hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike, to an author's disparagement or

un-

uneasiness. I think this I made the Dean, so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by shewing him what I wrote. I told him, as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters, to my great sorrow; that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however, to say, *they* would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by *their* management of them, than *I* by *mine*: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment, at least, I presume, my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause, than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it, as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and *Curil*; and every body else, may say and lye of me as they will.

will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the talk to defend me.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

Lord C—— to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Arlington-street, March 24, 1736.

THIS day attended the cause you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of *January*: the decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100*l.* costs given to the respondent. Lord *Bathurst* attended likewise. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, tho' I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention *Greek*, I must tell you, that my son, not sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, study *Greek*, καὶ οὐδὲν οὐδέποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνδύμνησον οὐτε ἀγὰρ ἐπιδύμεσθαι τις. He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord lieutenant * told me, some time ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and shewed him the article of your letter, relating to himself: I believe I did wrong. Not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which

* The duke of *Dorset*.

I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard that, since, they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been *Jacobites*, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Dr. *Delaney*. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which lady *Granville*, my wife, and children, have eat, tho' I have not yet answered his letter. My lady *Granville*, reading your postscript, bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and, if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the third place. My wife and lady *Worsley* desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

C—————.

When people ask me, how I governed *Ireland*?
I say, that I pleased Dr. *Swift*.

Quæsitam meritis fume superbiam.

L. E. T.

LETTER CCCLXX.

Lord B———— to Dr. SWIFT.

Cirencester, October the 5th, 1737.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

THAT I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often, you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing that you were much indisposed : but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your own hand: however, I write to you now under that supposition, for which reason I have cut out a little business for you.

That very pretty epistle which you writ many years ago to lord *Oxford*, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I send you a transcript) which has some very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy ; and, besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the country and city mouse is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was : possibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finished the whole ; if not, I enjoin you, as a task, to go through with it : and, I beg of you, do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, whilst it is in your power to rectify it. * Adieu ! and do me the justice

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. *Swift* hath observed, that, upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth satire of the second book of *Horace*, and is printed, with the additional lines, in *Pope's* works, vol. vi. Dr. *Warburton's* edition.

to believe me, most faithfully, and unalterably,
yours.

LETTER CCCLXXI.

The Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

At Paris, Nov. 29, 1737.

I RECEIVED only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with a new pleasure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you, in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for *Ireland*, my history of the mareschal de *Turenne*, the greatest *French* hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration, and friendship, your most humble and most obedient servant,

The Chevalier RAMSAY.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover, *A son Altesse Monseigneur le Comte d'Evreux, General de la Cavallerie a Paris.*

LET-

L E T T E R CCCLXXII.

Lord B—— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

December 6, 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at *Cirencester*, full of life and spirit, which gave me singular satisfaction : but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of *Ireland*, made me reflect upon the condition of *England*, and I am inclined to think it is not much better ; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured*. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good ; I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm-house in *Derbyshire*, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid ; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities ; my neighbour the duke of *Kingston* has imported one† ; but I don't think it worth the carriage.

I passed through *London* in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event which lately happened ‡ ; but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences.

* The promise of *Polypheme* to *Ulysses*.

† ' *Madame la Touche*, a French lady.'

‡ ' The death of queen *Caroline*, on Sunday evening, 20th Nov. 1737.'

Some

Some consequences will certainly follow ; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject ; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiors : if a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe ; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still safer. You may say, where is the occasion of abusing any body ? I never did in my life ; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because no body will care to call upon me to prove it ; but I do not know whether I may venture to put them in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person ; such you will be reputed as long as you live ; after your death, perhaps, you may stand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend *Pope* in town ; he is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me, that he would retire to *Twickenham* for a fortnight ; but I doubt it much. Since I found, by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now : I have talked with no body, for some time past, but farmers and plowmen ; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid ; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship, and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIII.

The Chevalier R A M S A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

At Paris, Feb. 20, 1738.

I SEND you here inclosed the bill of loading for the small box of books I wrote of to you some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, reverend Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

A. R A M S A Y.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIV.

Mr. P O P E to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAREST SIR,

May 17, 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am, in proportion, grieved to find, that several of my letters to testify it to you, miscarry; and you ask me the same questions again, which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. *Swift*, inquires where and how is lord *Bolingbroke*? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has sold *Dawley* for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country

VOL. III.

G

of

of *France*, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and hunts generally twice a week. He has the whole forest of *Fontainebleau* at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c. his lady's son-in-law, being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends; or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of *Europe*, from the *Pyrenean* treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the queen's last years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the earl of *Oxford*, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised to take that care.

We very often commemorated you, during the five months we lived together at *Twickenham*. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not *Dublin* only, but *France* and *Italy* not worth the visiting once in my life.

The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. *Jervas*, who went to *Rome* and *Naples* purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced

reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting from one's friends.

Mr. *Lewis* every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. *Arbuthnot*'s daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like *Gay*, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. *Patty Blount* is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so with regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more women worth naming to you; the rest are ladies, run after musick, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to lord *Oxford* and lord *Masbam*, when I see them. I see *John Barber* seldom; but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to Mr. *Lyttelton* for the other; who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please you.

Your ask me how I am at court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The *prince shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The duchess of *Marlborough* makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be ho-

* His late royal highness *Frederick* prince of *Wales*.

nest men ; whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so. I have dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with fewer in my hand, There is a lord *Cornbury*, a lord *Polworth* †, a Mr. *Murray* ‡, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit ; I am sinking fast into prose ; and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years, and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give value to the work, not merely the manner. Since my protest (for so I call the *Dialogue* of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the *Dunciad*, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second Canto, among the authors who dive in *Fleet-ditch*, immediately after *Arnall*, verse 300, add these :

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back* ;
Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like *Niobe*, her children gone,
Sits mother *Osborne*, stupefied to stone ;
And needful *Paxton* § tells the world with tears,
These are, ah ! no ; these were my *Gazetteers*.

† ' Now earl of *Marchmont*.'

‡ The present lord chief justice.

* They print one at the back of the other to send into the country. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. ' These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another. *Dunciad*, Dr. *Warb.* edit.'

§ A solicitor, who procured and paid these writers. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. ' The line is now changed ;
And monumental brass this record bears ;
These are, &c.'

Having

Having nothing more to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better as to head-achs, worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation; but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier the next morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from *London* to *Twickenham*; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them. Lord *Bathurst* is still my constant friend and yours; but his country seat is now always in *Gloucestershire*, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. *Pulteney* has no country seat, and in town I see him seldom, but he always asks of you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to lord *Cobham's*, the *Bath*, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of the mages of you and poor *Gay*, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of; the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with lord *Peterborough* about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and lord *Bolingbroke* a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affection, my esteem are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P. S. This I end at lord Orrery's, in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. Swift to me; he can tell you more of me.

London, May 19th.

(A Second Postscript.)

One of my new friends, Mr. Lyttelton, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I shewed him yours concerning Mr. M^r Aulay, he went to him, and it was granted *. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of Lamb †. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other, *Sint tales animæ concordet*. He loves you, though he sees you not, as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you ‡.

* Mr. Alexander M^r Aulay was soliciting for a seat in parliament, as one of the representatives of the university of Dublin: Mr. Lyttelton was then principal secretary to his late royal highness Frederick prince of Wales, who, as chancellor of it, was thought by Dr. Swift to be the most proper person to nominate.

† Dr. Swift had made Mr. William Lamb one of the vicars-choral of his cathedral upon Mr. Lyttelton's recommendation.

‡ The letter to which this postscript and the next letter relate, is in the volumes published by Mr. Deane Swift. It is dated by the editor "May 10, 1739, at a conjecture."

LET-

L E T T E R CCCLXXV.

GEORGE LYTTTELTON, Esq; to
Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Worcester, August the 4th, 1739.

I HAVE just heard from town, that Mr. *Faulkner*, your bookseller at *Dublin*, has, by your order, sent me over your works. When I desired Mr. *Swift* to procure them for me, I did not expect the additional pleasure of owing them to your own kindness in so obliging a way. I will place them in my study next to Mr. *Pope's*, which he too gave me himself; and can truly assure you, that, excepting that present, I never received one which I value so much.

I am sorry his royal highness's recommendation has been of so little use to your friend; and think, indeed, that the university owed more respect to their chancellor, though he had not been prince of *Wales*, than they have thought proper to shew. I made his royal highness your compliments, which he accepted with much satisfaction. I hope and believe he will make good the expectations he has raised among those, who are equally friends to him and their country. He is pleased to reckon you in that number, and desires to preserve and increase your good opinion. I thank you for the promise you give me, not to forget me, and beg you to remember me as one sincerely desirous to merit the continuance of your friendship by all the services in the power of,

Sir, your most obliged,

and most obedient servant,

G. LYTTTELTON.

G 4

LET-

L E T T E R CCCLXXVI.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, February the 2d, 1739.

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. *Deianey's* obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the Doctor, I at first imagined his boundless generosity distributed his book amongst the lords, and that it was sent me, as a member, though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were wrote (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet, that he should approve, I will not wonder when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong a bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet must I risque depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper?

per? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint always strengthens it; exerting against it generally lessens it. Do not immerse in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have inclosed some verses. The *Latin* I believe will please you; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, A lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, ascribed to his mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read *Pope's Heloise to Abelard*) in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of *Pope's*. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except *Heloise's* own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with *Cadenus to Vanessa*. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and the assuring you I am, with great sincerity, as well as esteem,

Sir, your most faithful,

affectionate humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to
Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, June the 3d, 1740.

I HAD, some time ago, a letter from Mr. Stopford, who told me, that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some years past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it. And since the gout has been your phyfic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that if I have not wrote to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true esteem. Mr. Pope can be my witness how constantly I inquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letter to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. *England* has few things inviting in it at present.

present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings*, and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the least notion, that even our expedition under lord Cathcart† is intended to be sent any where; and yet every minister we have (except Sir Robert) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, I am afraid, believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary; Sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when by the influence of this army and our money he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster-school on this theme,

Ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat.

*Dulce, Decane, decus, Flos optime Gentis Hibernæ
 Nomine quique audis, Ingenioque Celer;
 Dum lepidò indulges Rifu, et mutaris in Horas,
 Quò nova vis Animi, Materiesque rapit;
 Nunc gravis Astrologus, Cælo dominaris & Aëvis,
 Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana fecas.
 Nunc Populo speciosa Hospes miracula premis,
 Gentisque Equoreas, aëriaſq; creas.
 Seu plauſum captat queruli Persona Draperi,
 Seu levis a vacuo Fabula ſumpta cado.*

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.

† Against Carthage. It went, and miscarried.

*Mores egregius mira exprimis Arte Magister,
Et vitam atque Homines Pagina quæque sapi:
Socraticæ minor est vis, & Sapientia Chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis Opus.*

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to present her services, when I assure you that I am most faithfully and sincerely

Your obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Caledon, Dec. 17th, 1740.

GREAT men like you must expect numberless petitions, which, like *Jupiter*, you put to various uses; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that every body is striving for the post. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the chair. I am desired to recommend to you one * *James Colgan*, aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you let *Faulkner* give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors,—commons, &c. are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only serve me to present lady O—'s most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant.

* One of the vicars choral of *Christ-Church* and *St. Patrick's* cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing.

A P P E N D I X.

EXTRACT from Lord BOLINGBROKE's
WILL, in which his WRITINGS are
bequeathed to Mr. MALLETT*.

AND whereas I am the author of the several
Books or Tracts following, viz.

Remarks on the History of England, from the Minutes of Humphrey Oldcastle. In twenty-four letters.

A Dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters to Caleb D'Anvers, Esq;

The Occasional Writer. Number 1, 2, and 3.

The Vision of Camilik.

An Answer to the London Journal of December 21, 1728, by John Trot.

An Answer to the Defence of the Enquiry into the Reasons of the Conduct of Great Britain.

A final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication.

* The reasons for inserting this extract, and the two letters that immediately follow, may be seen in the note annexed to lord Bolingbroke's letter, dated September 12, 1724, in this collection.

All which Books or Tracts have been printed and published ; and I am also the author of

Four Letters on History, &c.

Which have been privately printed, and not published ; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy, or the liberty of printing or reprinting any of the said books, or tracts, or letters. Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to *David Mallet*, of *Futney*, in the county of *Surry*, Esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books, or tracts, or letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same. I also give to the said *David Mallet* the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease. And I further give to the said *David Mallet* all my books, which, at time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIX.

Lord HYDE to DAVID MALLET, Esq;

Paris, March 7, N.S. 1752.

I LEARN from *England*, Sir, that lord *Bolingbroke* has left his manuscripts to you *. His friends must see with satisfaction those title-deeds of

* ' His lordship died 15 Decemb. 1757. Lord *Hyde* having heard at *Paris* of lord *Bolingbroke's* legacy of all his writings, printed and manuscript, to Mr. *Mallet*, wrote from thence the above letter, the original of which was sent by the widow *Mallet*, with the manuscript of lord *Bolingbroke's* philosophical works to the *British Museum*, in order to justify her husband's integrity in the edition of them.'

his

his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great lord *Bacon*; and you will have had the distinguished honour of having been guardian to the fame of two of the greatest geniuses which our country, and perhaps humanity has produced; but with greater honour to you in this last instance, because you are such by the designation and choice of the author himself.

What works of his you may have for the public I know not. That, for which I was solicitous, because I believe it would be most instructive to the world; and might be most for his honour, he told me himself he had laid aside; I mean the history of the great transactions of *Europe* from the time when he began to consider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a summary review, which I had the good fortune some time ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the study of history. You will probably have seen that summary review, which is in a collection of letters upon history, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a sketch of the work he had proposed to himself; but it is the sketch of lord *Bolingbroke*. He will probably have told you, that those letters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr. *Pope*, who burnt, as he told me, the manuscripts, and printed off by a private press some very few copies, which were to be considered still as manuscripts, one of which Mr. *Pope* kept, and sent another to lord *Bolingbroke*. Sir *William Wyndham*, lord *Bathurst*, Lord *Marchmont*, Mr. *Murray*, and Mr. *Lyttelton*, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myself, who have always preserved mine, as I would a M S. which was not my own, observing not only the restrictions which lord *Bolingbroke* himself had recommended to me, but securing likewise, as far as I could, even in case of my death, that this work should never become public from
that

that copy, which is in my possession. I enlarge upon this, because I think myself particularly obliged, out of regard to lord *Bolingbroke*, to give this account of that work to the person whom he has intrusted with all his writings, in case you might not have known this particularity. And at the same time I think it my duty, to the memory of lord *Bolingbroke*, to myself, and to the world too, to say something more to you in relation to this work.

It is a work, Sir, which will instruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will take upon me to say, that for the sake of both, you must publish it with caution.

The greatest men have their faults, and sometimes the greatest faults; but the faults of superior minds are the least indifferent, both to themselves and to society. Humanity is interested in the same of those who excelled in it; but it is interested before all in the good of society, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compose it. Lord *Bolingbroke's* mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a strong mixture of passions, which will always necessarily beget some prejudices, and follow more. And on the subject of *Religion* particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his passions upon that subject chiefly) his passions were the most strong; and I will venture to say (when called upon, as I think, to say what I have said more than once to himself, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents), his passions upon that subject did prevent his otherwise superior reason from seeing, that, even in a political light only, he hurt himself, and wounded society, by striking at establishments, upon which the conduct at least of society depends, and by striving to overturn in men's minds the systems which experience at least has justified, and which authority at least has rendered respectable, as necessary to public order and to private peace,
without

without suggesting to their minds a better, or indeed any system.

You will find, Sir, what I say to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digresses upon the criticism of church history.

While this work remained in the hands only of those I have mentioned (except, as I have been telling you, to himself and to them in private conversation) I have otherwise been silent upon that subject; but I must now say to you, Sir, that for the world's sake and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. And you see, that it is a digression not necessary to that work. If this digression should be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not be easily answered. In such a case I shall owe to myself and to the world to disclaim publicly that part of a work, which he did me the honour to address to me; but I owe to the regard which he has sometimes expressed for me, to disclaim it rather privately to you, Sir, who are intrusted with his writings, and to recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by lord *Bolingbroke*, not to raise new storms to his memory.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

H Y D E.

L E T.

LETTER CCCLXXX.

DAVID MALLETT, Esq; to Lord
HYDE.

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED a very real pleasure, and at the same time a sensible concern, from the letter your lordship has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an estimable and amiable character; but then nothing can occasion me more uneasiness than not to be able to suppress that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

The book was printed off before your lordship's letter reached my hands; but this consideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend, that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, omit or alter any thing in those works, which my lord *Bolingbroke* had deliberately prepared for the press, and I will publish no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it should be printed exactly according to the copy he himself, in all the leisure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your lordship should think it necessary to disclaim the reflections on Sacred History, by which I presume is meant some public and authentic declaration, that your notions on this head differ intirely from those of your noble friend; even in this case I am sure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own disposition, and with all the tenderness to his memory, that the
par-

particular regard he always bore you can deserve.
I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXI*.

Dr. S W I F T to W I L L I A M
P U L T E N E Y, Esq;

S I R,

Dublin, March 8, 1734.

MR. *Stopford*, going to *England* upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and, if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the *Gothic* system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of *Europe*. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such hath ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions,

* This letter, and the next, were communicated to the editor by general *Pulteney*.

and

and drag them voluntary at his chariot wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in *discover* [*discovering*] our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hac est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral over the burying-place of old *Schemberg*, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent, wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who hath an appeal before the house of lords, wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who by a miracle was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at *Twickenham* and *Darwly*, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer Mr. *Stopford* hath such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is in all respects so very deserving a gentleman,
that

that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him *it* [*at*] my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are in the modern sense a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one *Faulkner* hath printed four volumes, which are called my works; he hath only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that, after my death, the several *London* booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here hath prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in *Scotland*. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr. *Stopford* the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to *you*. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain with the truest respect,

Sir, your most obedient

and obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXII.

Dr. S W I F T to W I L L I A M
P U L T E N E Y, Esq;

S I R,

Dublin, May 12th, 1735.

MR. *Stopford* landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of *Dorset* very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my lord *Carteret* acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing, after the same manner as a monkey doth a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in *England*. It hath continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the *Goths*, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper

proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it ; the court will restore what their luxury hath destroyed ; I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharpers call it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country-side ? As to the lust of absolute-power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the *Roman* emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army ; and the same may be said of the *Ottomans* by their janissaries ; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old *Greece*, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in *England* your enemies. For you almost stand alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned

doned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. *Pope*, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in *England* by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. *Pope's* prudent management *from* [*for*] me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from *England*. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers. I am, Sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient

and obliged humble servant,

J. S W I F T.

I desire to present my most humble respects to
Mrs. *Pulteney*. L E T.

L E T T E R S

O F

UNCERTAIN DATE.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIII.

Countess of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Indorsed ' 1712, I suppose.' Clusden, Monday.

I HAVE had great satisfaction in the favour of your letter, though disappointed, since not occasioned by yourself. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At first I fear'd Mr. Collier was taken with a fit of an apoplexy; the next line I read, I wished he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troublesome where ' distinguished, you should not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs. Ramsay and I, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be,

Sir, your sincere humble servants,

E. ORKNEY,
ELIZ. RAMSAY.

We design to be at *Windjor* on *Wednesday*, where I hope you will meet me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you can dine with us.

VOL. III.

H

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIV.

Countess of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Monday morning.

Indorsed ' 1712, I believe.'

I AM sure you are very ill-natured (I would not have been so cross to you) to have known Mr. *Lewis* and me so long, and not have made us acquainted sooner, when you know too that I have been in search of a reasonable conversation. I have no way to excuse you but doubting his to be so agreeable at a second meeting, which I desire you will make when 'tis most convenient to both. It is not from custom I say I am extremely,

Sir, your humble servant.

E. O R K N E Y.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, what does she write to me? I have a letter as much as my lord treasurer does a petition.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXV.

Lord P O U L E T T to Dr. S W I F T

Sunday afternoon.

Indorsed ' lord steward, 1713.'

I WAS called away presently after chapel, upon some business which hindered my going up stairs at *St. James's*, and occasions *Dr. Swift* the trouble of this, to make my excuse for not returning the paper, which I here send you ; and though it is not in my power to serve you in any proportion to my unfeigned respects for you, yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity where I can, to express myself,

Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

P O U L E T T.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVI.

Mr. L E W I S to Dr. S W I F T.

Indorsed ' 1714, Mr. Lewis.'

I HAVE one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very soon ; in the mean time I send this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in some private place in the hands of a trusty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of your enemies. Sure you have already taken care in this matter, by which the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men towards the earl of *Strafford* and *Mr. Prior*: however, for greater caution, this is sent you by—

H 2

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVII.

Lady M—— to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Indorsed ' February, 1723-4.'

'T IS impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter ; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one, whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you ; but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you from the bottom of my heart there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can shew it only in expressions ; but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so than her who is

Your most affectionate humble servant,

H. M——.

My lord, children, brother, and sister are your humble servants.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVIII.

Lord P E T E R B O R O W to
Dr. S W I F T.

Saturday evening.

Indorsed ' 1726. in summer.'

ONE of your *Irish* heroes, that from the, extremity of our *English* land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project, desires to meet you on *Monday* next at *Parsons green*. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir *Robert Walpole*, any morning, except *Tuesday* and *Thursday*, which are his public days, about nine in the morning will be glad to see you at his *London* house. Or, *Monday*, if I see you, I will give you a further account.

Your affectionate servant,

P E T E R B O R O W.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIX.

Dr. S W I F T to Lord A R R A N.

M Y L O R D,

1729.

I AM earnestly desired, by some worthy friends of mine. to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer Mr. *Moore*, minister of *Clonmel*, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorial tythes of *Clonmel* were granted to the church by letters patents from king *Charles* the second, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of *Ormond*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of *Clonmel*, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother (whom God long preserve). But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, hath lately renewed the claim of the *Ormond* family to those tythes, and was at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of *Clonmel* is one of the largest and yet poorest parishes in this kingdom, being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houses) scarce worth one hundred pounds a year, out of which, a curate assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family hath been always distinguished, for their favour and protection to the established church, under her greatest persecutions, nor have you in the universal opinion ever degenerated from them. Those tythes in and about *Clonmel* are very inconsiderable, having never been let for
above

above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people ; so that the recovery of them by an expensive law-suit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. *Moore* is recommended to me by several persons of great worth (as I have already observed) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request therefore to your lordship is, that the minister of *Clanmel* may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed that the duke your brother's retiring hath not lessened your fortune, but increased it ; and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tythes in and about *Clanmel* to Mr. *Moore* and his successors in a legal form for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a year, and that, with a thousand difficulties, infinitely below your generosity and quality.

I am, &c.

H 4.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCXC.

To Dr. S W I F T.

Indorsed 'Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR. *Pope* m'a fait grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre *Dublin* pendant que nous, habitons notre *Dawley*. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plu, car Je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de theatre en *France*, tirée soit disant des idées de *Gulliver*. Je ne vous les envoie point, car elles sont detestables: Mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien reussi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en met tant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pieces, on les rendroit recommandables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse: il a plaint et boude de ce que vous etiez parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, ou vous ne dites pas un mot pour luy: mais je vous croye comme les coquettes, qui se fiant a leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous feront pardonnés a la premiere lettre et encore plus aisement a la premiere esperance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur, portez vous bien et nous serons content. Je ne m'avileray pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci: Je suis étrangere de plus en plus, et Je ne serois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où Je pourrois vivre avec vous.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCXCI.

Duchefs of HAMILTON to Dr. SWIFT.

D E A R D E A N,

Wednesday

WHEN we were together laſt, I remember we ſpoke of a certain ſtanza, which you ſuſpected me parent of, by reaſon there were ſome things in it, you were ſure I would have ſaid twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not dean *Swift*; for twelve years ago your promiſed letter had not been ſo long in coming to me. All I can ſay is, I wiſh you had been twelve years ago what I wiſh you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to

Your real friend and humble ſervant,

E. HAMILTON.

H 5

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCXCII.

Duke of WHARTON to Dr. SWIFT.

D E A R D E A N,

Monday Morning.

I SHALL embark for *England* to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of lord *Melfworth* on many accounts ; and as *Young* is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would send me your answer, and believe me sincerely

Your faithful friend and servant,

W H A R T O N.

P. S. If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXCIII.

Monsieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R.

Friday 16.

I SEND you here inclosed two letters, one for Mr. *de Morville*, our secretary of state, and the other for Mr. *de Maisons*, both desirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be so kind as to let me know if you intend to go by *Calais*, or by the way of *Rouen*. In case you resolve to go by *Rouen*, I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by *Rouen*. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learn'd *English* since I am in *England*. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you hundred directions for *Paris*, and provide you with all the requisite conveniences. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution, I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

Your most humble

obedient faithful servant,

V O L T A I R E.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCXCIV.

Monſieur V O L T A I R E au Comte de
M O R V I L L E, Miniſtre et Secrétaire
d'Etat a Verſailles.

M O N S E I G N E U R,

JE me ſuis contenté juſqu'icy d'admirer en ſilence
votre conduire dans les affaires de l'Europe ;
mais il n'eſt pas permis à un homme qui aime votre
gloire, et qui vous eſt auſſi tendrement attaché que
je le ſuis, de demeurer plus long temps ſans vous
faire ſes ſinceres compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuſer l'honneur que me
fait le celebre monſieur *Swift*, de vouloir bien vous
preſenter une de mes lettres. Je ſai que ſa reputa-
tion eſt parvenue juſqu'à vous, et que vous avez
envie de le connoitre. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation
que vous eſtimez. Vous avez lu les traductions
de pluſieurs ouvrages qui luy ſont attribuez. Eh
qui eſt plus capable que vous, monſieur, de
discerner les beautez d'un original à travers la
foibleſſe des plus mauvaiſes copies. Je croi que
vous ne ſerez pas fâché de dîner avec monſieur *Swift*,
et monſieur le preſident Henaut. Et je me flatte
que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon ſin-
cere attachement a votre perſonne, la liberté que Je
prends de vous preſenter un des hommes des plus ex-
traordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et le plus
capable de ſentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes
qualitez.

Je ſuis pour toute ma vie avec un profond reſ-
pect et un attachement remply de la plus haute
eſtime,

Monſieur, votre tres humble
et tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,
V O L T A I R E.

Letters

Letters communicated after the former Part of this
Work was printed.

L E T T E R CCCXCV.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHGMRIGH*.

August 1, 1714.

WHO told you, I was going to *Bath*? no such thing. I had fixed to set out to-morrow for *Ireland*, but poor Lord *Oxford* desires I will go with him to *Herefordshire*, and only expect his answer whether I shall go there before, or meet him hereabouts; or to *Wimple* (his sons house) and so go with him down; and I expect to leave this in two or three days one way or other. I will stay with him 'till the parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am not of your opinion about Lord *Bolingbroke*; perhaps he may get the *staff*, but I cannot rely on his love to me: he knew I had a mind to be historiographer, though I valued it not, but for the public service, yet it is gone to a worthless rogue that no body knows. I am writ to earnestly by *some body* to come to town, and join with those *people now in power*, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess *the person*. I told lord *Oxford* I would go with him, when *he was out*; and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kind-

* Miss *Esther Vanhomrigh*, whom the Dean celebrated by the name of *Vanessa*. For an account of this lady, and her epistolary correspondence with the Dean, see his life prefixed to *Bathurst's* edition of his works.

ness

(158)

neis to me was excessive : he distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great ; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable. When I am fixed any where, perhaps, I may be so gracious to let you know, but I will not promise. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXCVI.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss VANHOMRIGH*.

Aug. 12, 1714

I HAD your letter last past, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for *Ireland*. I must go and take the oaths ; and the sooner the better. If you are in *Ireland* when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom ; but it is where every thing is known in a week and magnified an hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through : but it is probable we may meet in *London* in Winter ; or if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits. God Almighty blefs you. I shall, I hope, be on horseback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not answer your questions for a million : nor can I think of them with any ease of mind. Adieu.

* It appears by a letter of the Dean's to Miss *Esſher Vanhomrigh*, that she was very uneasy on account of her mother's debts, who died in 1714 ; fearing that when the year was out, she would be obliged to satisfy the creditors. But the Dean tells her, " you can pay only what you receive, you are answerable for no more." He tells her that if she wants to borrow money, she may send to Mr. *Barber* or *Ben. Tooke*, which she pleases, and let them know, that whatever sum she wants he will stand bound for.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCXCVII.

Part of a Letter of VANESSA's from
Dublin, in 1714.

YOU once had a maxim, which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know, that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.

L E T T E R CCCXCVIII.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, 1714.

YOU bid me be easy and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better, than those killing killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved
to

to die without seeing you more ; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it: and beg you'd see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure, you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry ; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh ! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can ; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this and live*.

* A letter from Dr. Swift, dated *Philipstown, Nov. 5, 1714*, says, that he was going to a friend upon a promise, being then a mile from *Trim*, when Miss *Vankemrigh's* servant overtook him with a letter. She was then at *Kildrobid*, and would go to town on the *Monday* following, to her lodging in *Turnstill-Alley*. He concludes thus ; " I have rode a tedious journey to-day, " and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I " come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and " messages. Adieu."

L E T T E R CCCXCIX.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

May 12, 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Francoise. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections ; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui estoient auparavant cachées ; il est honteux pour moy de ne scarvoir que le gascon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à redire dans l'orthographe, la propriété, l'élegance, le douceur et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moy de vous répondre en mesme langage, vous qui estes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaist d'avoir pour moy ; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bon sens, l'esprit, le douceur, l'agrement et la fermeté d'ame ; mais en vous cachant, comme vous faites, le monde ne vous connoît pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ay l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ay toujours remarqué que ni en conversation particuliere, ni generale, aucun mot a echappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit estre mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus severe critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun défaut en vos actions, ni en vos paroles : la coquetterie l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez vous, qu'il est possible de ne vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain. Quelles bestes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous : en les voyant, en
les

les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour ; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces misérables. Quelle calamité de faire mépriser autans de gens, qui sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables : mais il est temps de vous delasser, et de vous dire Adieu : avec tout le respect, la sincérité, et l'estime du monde je suis et seray toujours.

L E T T E R CCCC.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

BELIEVE me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ———. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, whilst I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself
that

that separation will ever change my sentiments : for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

L E T T E R . C C C C I .

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Part of a Letter written in the Year 1720.

IS it possible, that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so late. I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have a recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it, is it not much better to come off yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world: for when I undertake any thing, I don't love to do it by halves.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinders me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason—guess. Adieu.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCCIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

I Received your letter when some company was with me on *Saturday* night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little Master — and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so: and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in *Ireland*; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

L E T T E R CCCCIV.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

T ELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: no, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of — who thinks
not

not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that unexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and shew some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often, in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are at present every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

L E T T E R C C C C V .

Part of an Answer from C A D E N U S to
V A N E S S A *.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather chuse to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what *Mobkin* † meant by shewing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governour, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter *August 29*, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: Prove to me first that it was even possible to answer any thing to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way towards you where I dined, and

* This letter has no date; but it must have been written in the life-time of Miss *Mary Vanhomrigh*, *Vanessa's* sister, who died in 1717, because she is desired to mind her nurse-keeping.

† Miss *Mary Vanhomrigh*.

returned

returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence, if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke—signifies every thing that may be said to *Cad* — at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by *Cad*— should be difficult to *Skinage*.

LETTER CCCCVI.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

October 15, 1720.

I SIT down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can: so that when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve, because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still further improve your mind, and the talents that nature hath given you. I am in much concern for poor *Mobkin*; and the more, because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not set moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do *Mobkin* more good than
any

any other thing, provided fair days and warm cloaths be provided: and so it would to you; and if you lose any skin, you know *Job* says, skin for skin will a man give for his life. It is either *Job* or *Satan* says so, for ought you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetick; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

LETTER CCCCVII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July the 5th, 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. *Cadenus* ——— assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time intreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an

amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will loose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else *Cadenus* shall know it and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folk's plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern, and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise, to make *Cad* — and yourself miserable. Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

LETTER CCCCVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Clogher, June the 1st, 1712.

THE weather has been so constantly bad, that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at *Kendal*, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tete a tete*, drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through your law-suit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old house, and *Rider-street*, and the colonel's journey to *France*, and the *London* wedding, and the sick lady at *Kensington*, and the indisposition at *Wind-sor*, and the strain by the box of books at *London*. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same.—
Croyez que je serois toujours tout ce que vous desirez.
Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCIX.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

I Am well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so, is the question, at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in, is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days a piece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point: I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it, was to read, I know not not how many, diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being revered; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it: while you continue to be splenetick, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a week, is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all

all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the cloaths with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewel.

LETTER CCCCX.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

August 7, 1722.

I Am this hour leaving my present residence; and if I fix any where shall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of your country seat, or among your cousins in town; or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts. The best companion for you is a philosopher; whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you, than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopt as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

L E T T E R CCCCXI.

By Dr. S W I F T ; but when or to whom written is uncertain.

EVERY squire, almost to a man, is an oppressor of the clergy ; a rack of his tenants ; a jobber of all publick works ; very proud, and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring squires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building square, or his garden uniform (without the least inconvenience to the other) he shall be absolutely refused ; or (as the utmost mark of friendship) shall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call, paying for your convenience : which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The squires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as *Alexander* or *Cæsar*. For instance, the great *Conolly* — the great *Wesely* — the great *Damer*.

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner : Sir, I am your humble servant ; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men : which I take to be just of a piece with *Harlequin's* swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring squires, and from the same motives : the former brangling about their mears and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords are visible in every part of the kingdom.

L E T-

LETTER CCCCXII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr.
WORRALL.

DEAR JACK, Callstown, September the 14th, 1721.

I Answered your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I believe I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day, in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken skin, and falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the *Litchfield* man? Hath he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his *Christchurch* preferment? I doubt Mrs. *Brent* will be at a loss about her industry-books, for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey list in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. *Worrall*, I wonder how you and she and your heir have spent the summer, and how often you have been at *Dunleary*, and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying and the country as much as ever.—Desire Mrs. *Brent*, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatnings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health. I thank God. Pray send them inclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. *Dopping*, who will be a good tenant if she lives. I sup-

(176)

pose your new house is finished, and if Mrs. *Worrall* does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at *Dalky*. I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town; if so, I have but an ill sub-dean.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs. *Brent*, that, if *Loyd* agrees, I will be glad one of his hogheads was left unrack'd.

L E T-

LETTER CCCCXIII.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Quilca, July the 12th, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin. Although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, besides my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account (except this last quarter) and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt hath acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may enquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds *per cent.* I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of Sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds.—All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds. I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But *Charles Grattan*, the critic, says the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best

Mrs. *Johnson* says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the— from the wall-fruit*. You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged, as good husbandry requires; friend *Ellis* will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of *Sheriff* and *White*, and all you have done for me with Mr. *Pratt* signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs. *Johnson*'s money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. *Johnson*, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. *Worrell*, and so do I, and am ever
yours, &c.

Jo. who brings you this, desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the deanry-house, Mrs. *Brent* viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

* In *Naboth's* vineyard.

Pray desire Mrs. *Brent* to have ready a hoghead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. *Brent* take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Jo. may have them ; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanry for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCCXIV.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

In Ship-street, Quilca, Aug. the 27th, 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to shew your activity in leaping down a ditch hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

I have not yet heard of Mr. *Webb*, and if he should come here, I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of *Brislow* beer; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness hath left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. *Worrall's* observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place,
with

with all its millions of inconveniencies. But Mrs. *Dingley* is of her opinion, and would rather live in a *Dublin* cellar than a country palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the farthest corner of *Naboth's* vineyard, towards the lower end of *Shebbs's* garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the center of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave *Jack Grattan* the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me, that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of *October*, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. Them who talk with me think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*. The ladies present theirs to you both.

J. S W I F T.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCCXV.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Quilca, Aug. the 31st, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of *October*, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since *Wood's* patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you and *Jack Grattan*, and *Sheridan* will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer, I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. *Johnson* does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. *Worrall*. Mrs. *Dingley* at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray pay *Jo. Beaumont* four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When *Jo.* brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds eight shillings.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCCXVI:

Dr. S W I E T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

London, April 16th, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you inclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea ; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom-house. Mr. *Medlicot* will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, and the ladies and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me ; I can say no more. I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at *Oxford* ; but am endeavouring to be one here.

L E T T.

(184)

L E T T E R CCCCXVII.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

August 15th, 1726.

THIS is *Saturday*, and on *Monday* I set out for *Ireland*. I desired you would send me a letter to *Chester*. I suppose I shall be in *Dublin* with moderate fortune in ten or eleven days hence ; for I will go by *Holyhead*. I shall stay two days at *Chester*, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of *August* ; but however, if I am not with you by the second of *September*, which is the time that my licence is out, I desire you will get me a new one ; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come ; but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to *Chester*, which I hope you will do ; and pray hinder Dr. *Sheridan* from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present.

I am, &c.

J. S W I F T.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCCCXVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 4, 1728.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy ; but however, I would certainly come to town not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I had rather be at home. But it is now *Saturday* night, and that beast *Sherridan* is not yet come, although it has been thawing since *Monday*. If I do not come you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

L E T T E R CCCCXIX.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 13. 1728-9.

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness ; both my disorders still continue ; however, I desire that Mrs. *Brent* may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind to speak loud enough for me to hear them ; and my deafness is not so extream as you have known, when I have
fretted

fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. *Worrall*.

I send you inclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an *Intelligencer*; I desire you will inclose it in a letter to Mrs. *Harding*, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to shew it to the author of the *Intelligencer*, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded on a report, and if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not, and therefore the *Intelligencer* must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next *Intelligencer*.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. *Harding*, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the *Intelligencer* himself may look over it, for that every body who reads those papers, are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers.

I am your's,

J. S W I F T.

L E L.

(187)

L E T T E R CCCCXX.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE your's of the 14th instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was inclosed a paper for the *Intelligencer*, which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather; these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues: we have been told my lord *Martcaffell* is dead at *Drogheda*, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago, which cost me six shillings and four-pence; it consisted of the probate of a will in *Leicestershire*, and of two inclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to *London*, she married an inn-keeper in *Loughborow*, in that county, by whom she had several children. The old mother died, and left all that she had to her daughter afore said, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, *Ann* by name. This *Ann*, for it must be she, about seven years ago writ to me from *London*, to tell me
she

she was daughter of *Betty Jones*, for that was my mistress's name, till she was married to one *Perkins*, inn-keeper, at the *George* in *Loughborow*, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an *Irishman*, who pretended to be barrack-master-general of *Ireland*, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to enquire about this *Irishman*. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to let me know, that her daughter *Ann Giles*, married an *Irishman*, one *Giles*, and was now come over to *Ireland* to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get, that the young widow (for her husband *Giles* is dead) hath a mind to settle in *Ireland*, and to desire I would lend her daughter *Giles* three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in *England*, and Mrs. *Giles* writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. *Brent* (whose name she hath learned) and pay me as others do. I was at first determin'd to desire you would, from me, make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She hath sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and four-pence. But I am in much doubt; for by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, the mother of this woman in *Dublin*, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to *Ireland*, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in some way. The woman's name is *Ann Giles*, she lodges at one Mrs. *Wilmot's*, the first house in *Molesworth-court*, on the

the right hand, in *Fisbamble-street*. I have told you this long story, to desire you will send for the woman, this *Ann Giles*, and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of *Elizabeth Jones*, alias *Perkins*, or no, and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to *Ireland*. The errand is so romantic, that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman; I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr. *Motte*, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. *Hyde*; there are some accounts between them, and *Hyde* is in his debt. He hath desired me to speak to Mr. *Hyde's* executors to state the account, that Mr. *Motte* may be in a way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. *Hyde's* house, and enquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. *Motte* is to be paid. I suppose Mr. *Hyde* died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I inclose a letter to Mr. *Motte*, which you will be so kind to send to the post-office.

I desire likewise that you will make Mrs. *Brent* buy a bottle of usquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir *Arthur Acheson's* house in *Capel-street*, and desire her to deliver it to captain *Creighton*, who lodges at the *Pyed Horse*, in *Caple-street*, and is to bring down other things to my lady *Acheson*.

My most humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, Mrs. *Dingley*, and love to Mrs. *Brent*.

I wish you all a happy new year.

L E T-

LETTER CCCXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to JOHN TEMPLE, Esq;

S I R,

Dublin, 1736.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin, Mrs. *Dingley*, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare ; but a little mortified that you did not mention or enquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness ; as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present, as my abilities can reach ; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Ferwas told me that your * aunt's picture is in Sir *Peter Lilly's* best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good, as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs. *Dingley*. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt : and if I live any time, I shall see that she keep herself clear of the world ; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady or what children you have, or any other circumstances ; neither do I find that Mr. *Fiatch* † can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at *Moor-park*. I have heard it is very much changed for the better,

* Picture of lady *Giffard*, sister of Sir *William Temple*.

† Mr. *Hatch* of *Dublin*, was agent for Mr. *Temple's* affairs in *Ireland*, as well as for the estate of his brother *Henry lord Palmerstown*, to whom the Dean wrote an angry letter in 1725.

as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words *fatum nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house, but I suppose the letters are widened and grown larger by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he hath an *Irish* title (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather) and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord *Castledurrow*, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your Lady * with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me. I am, Sir,

Your most humble faithful servant,

J. S W I F T.

* Mr. Temple's lady was grand-daughter of Sir *William Temple*, by his only son, who died young. She was coheiress with *Dorothy*, wife of *Nicholas Brown*, of *Shrublandhall* in *Suffolk*, esquire.



A Genera

A General Table of the Letters, classed
under the Names of their respective
Writers.

LETTERS written by Dr. SWIFT.

	To Lord Arran	Page.
Letter CCCLXXXIX.	- - - Vol. III.	150
	To Lord Bolingbroke.	
Letter XXXVII.	- - - Vol. I.	37
	To the Duke of Dorset.	
Letter CCCLII.	- - - Vol. III.	81
	To Mrs. Dingley.	
Letter XXVII.	- - - Vol. I.	37
LXII.	- - - - -	123
LXIV.	- - - - -	129
LXV.	- - - - -	130
LXVI.	- - - - -	132
LXVII.	- - - - -	134
LXVIII.	- - - - -	137
LXIX.	- - - - -	139
LXX.	- - - - -	141
		LXXI.

(193)

To Mrs. Dingley.

Page.

Letter	LXXI.	-	Vol. I.	144
	LXXIII.	-	-	151
	LXXVIII.	-	-	159
	LXXX.	-	-	166
	LXXXI.	-	-	176
	LXXXIII.	-	-	187
	LXXXIV.	-	-	196
	LXXXVIII.	-	-	211
	LXXXIX.	-	-	215
	XC.	-	-	225
	XCIV.	-	-	236
	XCVIII.	-	-	236

A L'Abbé des Fontaines.

Letter	CCXXIII.	-	Vol. II.	106
--------	----------	---	----------	-----

A Monsieur Giraldi.

Letter	CLXXII.	-	Vol. II.	15
--------	---------	---	----------	----

To the Duke of Grafton.

Letter	CCXIII.	-	Vol. II.	84
--------	---------	---	----------	----

To lady B—— G——.

Letter	CCCXLVII.	-	Vol. III.	72
	CCCLXIV.	-	-	105

To Mr. Harley (a Memorial about First-fruits).

Letter	XXX.	-	Vol. I.	42
--------	------	---	---------	----

To Mrs Johnson.

Letter	I.	-	Vol. I.	1
	II.	-	-	3
	III.	-	-	ib.
	LIX.	-	-	96
	LX.	-	-	105
	LXI.	-	-	114
	LXIII.	-	-	128
	LXXII.	-	-	148

To Archbishop King.

Letter	XXXI.	-	Vol. I.	45
	Vol. III.	K	-	10

(194)

	To Sir Arthur Langford.	Page.
Letter CLXX.	-	Vol. II. 13
	To Dr. Marsh, Lord Primate.	
Letter XVI.	-	Vol. I. 28
	To Mr. Pulteney.	
Letter CCCLXV.	-	Vol. III. 107
CCCLXXXI.	-	139
CCCLXXXII.	-	142
	To the Ducheſs of Q——.	
Letter CCCXIX.	-	Vol. III. 21
	To Dr. Sterne.	
Letter VI.	- - -	Vol. I. 7
VII.	- - -	9
XII.	- - -	20
XXIII.	- - -	33
XXIX.	- - -	40
LV.	- - -	90
CIX.	- - -	252
	To John Temple, Eſq;	
Letter CCCCXXI.	- - -	Vol. III. 190
	To Miſs Vanhomrigh.	
Letter XCIX.	- -	Vol. I. 241
CXXIII.	- -	271
CLIV.	- -	313
CLXV.	- -	Vol. II. 5
CCCXCV.	- -	Vol. III. 157
CCCXCVI.	- -	158
CCCCXCIX.	- -	161
CCCCII.	- -	164
CCCCIII.	- -	165
CCCCV.	- -	167
CCCCVI.	- -	168
CCCCVII.	- -	169
CCCCVIII.	- -	171
CCCCIX.	- -	172
	To	

(195)

To Mr. Worrall.			Page.
Letter	CCXXIX.	-	Vol. II. 117
	CCLIV.	-	150
	CCLXIII.	-	162
	CCCCXII.	-	Vol. III. 175
	CCCCXIII.	-	177
	CCCCXIV.	-	180
	CCCCXV.	-	182
	CCCCXVI.	-	183
	CCCCXVII.	-	184
	CCCCXVIII.	-	185
	CCCCXIX.	-	ib.
	CCCCXX.	-	187

Mr. Addison to Dr. Swift.

Letter	V.	-	Vol. I. 7
	XVII.	-	28
	XVIII.	-	29
	XIX.	-	ib.
	XXII.	-	32
	XXV.	-	35
	CXCVI.	-	Vol. II. 47

Bishop Atterbury to Dr. Swift.

Letter	XCIII.	-	Vol. I. 236
	CLXXIX.	-	Vol. II. 23

Earl of Anglesey to Dr. Swift.

Letter	CXIII.	-	Vol. I. 258
--------	--------	---	-------------

Dr. Arbuthnott to Dr. Swift.

Letter	CXXV.	-	Vol. I. 273
	CXXVIII.	-	277
	CXXXV.	-	288
	CXXXIX.	-	293
	CXLVI.	-	302
	CLXIV.	-	Vol. II. 4
	CLXVIII.	-	10

(196)

	Dr. Arbuthnott to Dr. Swift.	Page.
Letter	CLXIX. - Vol. II.	12
	CLXXIII. -	16
	CLXXVI. -	20
	CLXXVII. -	32
	CXCVII. - -	48
	CXCVIII. - - -	50
	CCXV. - -	88
	CCXXV. - -	111
	CCXXVI. - -	113
	CCXXXII. -	122
	CCXXXV. - -	129
	CCLVI. - - -	153
	CCLXVI. - -	167
	CCLXVIII. - -	170
	CCLXIX. - -	171
	CCLXXXI. - -	191
	CCCXVI. - Vol. III.	14
	CCCXXXVII. - -	56

Mr. Robert Arbuthnott to Dr. Swift.

Letter	CCCXV. -	Vol. III.	13
--------	----------	-----------	----

Alderman Barber to Dr. Swift.

Letter	CXXIV. -	Vol. I.	272
	CXXIX. - -		279
	CXXX. - -		280
	CLI. - -		308
	CLVIII. - -		316

Mrs. Mary Barber to Dr. Swift.

Letter	CCCLIX. -	Vol. III.	92
--------	-----------	-----------	----

Lord Berkeley to Dr. Swift.

Letter	IV. - -	Vol. I.	6
--------	---------	---------	---

Mr. Birch to Dr. Swift.

Letter	CLV. -	Vol. I.	314
		Lord	

(197)

Lord B——to Dr. Swift.			Page.
Letter	CCLXXIII.	-	Vol. II. 175
	CCLXXVI.	-	181
	CCLXXVIII.	-	185
	CCXC.	-	206
	CCCXXI.	-	Vol. III. 25
Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.			
Letter	XXXVII.	-	Vol. I. 54
	LIV.	-	90
	LVI.	-	94
	LVII.	-	<i>ib.</i>
	LXXXII.	-	186
	CXXXVI.	-	290
	CLVI.	-	302
	CLXII.	-	323
	CLXXXII.	-	Vol. II. 30
	CXCIX.	-	52
	CCVIII.	-	69
	CCXVII.	-	91
	CCXXI.	-	98
	CCXXIV.	-	108
	CCXXVIII. (To the Three Yahoos.)	-	116
	CCXXXIII.	-	123
	CCXXXIX.	-	136
	CCXL.	-	138
	CCXLII.	-	141
	CCXLV.	-	144
	CCXLVI.	-	145
	CCXLVII.	-	146
	CCXLVIII.	-	147
	CCXLIX.	-	<i>ib.</i>
	CCLXXI.	-	173
	CCXCIV.	-	217
	CCCVI.	-	245
	CCCXXXIV.	-	Vol. III. 48
	CCCXXXVI.	-	51
Extract from his Will.	-	-	133
K 3			Lady

	Lady Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CLXXX.	Vol. II. 27
	CCCXC.	Vol. III. 152
	Lord C—— to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCXIX.	Vol. II. 96
	CCXX.	97
	CCXX.	Vol. III. 24
	CCCXXXV.	50
	CCCXLII.	63
	CCCLXX.	115
	E—— of C—— to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCLXXXII.	Vol. II. 193
	Archbishop of Cashell to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCCXLV.	Vol. III. 69
	CCCXLVIII.	74
	Lord Castledurrow to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCCLXI.	Vol. III. 97
	CCCLXIII.	103
	CCCLXXVI.	128
	Mrs. Cæsar to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCCIX.	Vol. II. 253
	Mr. Charleton to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CXXI.	Vol. II. 267
	Dr. Davenant to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CVII.	Vol. I. 249
	Mr. Donnellan to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCCLVI.	Vol. III. 87
	Mr. Ford to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CXXXIII.	Vol. I. 283
	CXXXIV.	286
	CXL.	295
	CXLIII.	298
	CXLIV.	300
	CLIII.	309
	CLIX.	318
		Mr.

Mr. Ford to Dr. Swift.			Page.
Letter	CLXIII.	- - Vol. II.	1
	CLXVI.	- - -	5
	CLXXXIII.	- - -	32
Sir William Fownes to Dr. Swift.			
Letter	CCCXII.	- - Vol. III.	5
Dr. Friend to Dr. Swift.			
Letter	CLXXIV.	- - Vol. II.	18
L'Abbé des Fontaines a M. Swift.			
Letter	CCXXII.	- - Vol. II.	104
Sir Andrew Fountain to Dr. Swift.			
Letter	XXIV.	- - Vol. I.	34
Lady Granville to Dr. Swift.			
Letter	CCCXXX.	- - Vol. III.	42
Mr. Grant to Dr. Swift.			
Letter	CCCXXXIII.	- - Vol. III.	46
Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift.			
Letter	CXXII.	- - Vol. I.	269
Mr. Gay to Dr. Arbuthnott or Dr. Swift.			
Letter	CLXVII.	- - Vol. II.	7
Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift.			
Letter	CCXII.	- - Vol. II.	83
	CCXIV.	- - -	85
	CCXXXI.	- - -	120
	CCXXXIV.	- - -	125
	CCXLI.	- - -	139
	CCLIX.	- - -	156
	CCXL.	- - -	<i>ib.</i>
	CCLXI.	- - -	160
	CCLXII.	- - -	161
	CCLXIV.	- - -	163
	CCLXV.	- - -	164
	CCLXXII.	- - -	173
	CCLXXIV.	- - -	177
	CCLXXV.	- - -	178
	CCLXXVII.	- - -	183
	CCLXXX.	- - -	189
	CCLXXXIII.	- - -	194
	K 4		Mr.

Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift.				Page.
Letter	CCLXXXVIII.	-	Vol. II.	201
	CCLXXXIX.	--	-	203
	CCXCI.	-	-	210
	CCXCIII.	-	-	213
	CCXCVIII.	-	-	231
	CCC.	--	-	234
	CCCII.	-	-	238
	CCCIV.	-	-	241
	CCCVIII.	--	-	249
	CCCXI.	-	Vol. III.	1
	CCCXIV.	-	-	12
Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.				
Letter	CCLXXIX.	-	Vol. II.	187
	CCLXXXIV.	-	-	196
	CCLXXXVII.	-	-	200
	CCXCII.	--	-	212
	CCXCV.	--	-	226
	CCXCVII.	--	-	229
	CCXCIX.	--	-	233
	CCCI.	--	-	236
	CCCIII.	—	-	239
	CCCVII.	—	-	248
	CCCXIII.	-	Vol. III.	11
	CCCXVII.	-	-	17
	CCCXXIV.	--	-	31
	CCCXXVI.	-	-	35
	CCCXXVII.	--	-	36
	CCCXXXI.	--	-	43
	CCCXXXVIII.	-	-	58
	CCCXL.	--	-	60
	CCCXLIV.	--	-	67
	CCCXLIX.	--	-	76
	CCCL.	-	-	78
	CCCLI.	-	-	79
	CCCLIII.	-	-	83
	CCCLV.	-	-	86
				Lady

	Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.	Page.
Letter	CCCLVII. - - - Vol. III.	89
	CCCLX. -- - -	310
	Lord Hallifax to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	XX. -- - Vol. I.	30
	Duchess of Hamilton to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCCXCI. - - - Vol. III.	133
	Sir Thomas Hanmer to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	XCV. - - - Vol. I.	238
	CCIV. - - - Vol. II.	64
	Mr. Harley to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CXXVI. - - - Vol. I.	274
	Lord Harley to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CXXXVIII. - - - Vol. I.	293
	CXCII. - - - Vol. II.	43
	Mr. Harrison to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	LXXIX. - - - Vol. I.	162
	Antony Henley, Esq; to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	VIII. - - - Vol. I.	11
	IX. - - - -	12
	X. - - - -	13
	Mrs. Howard to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCXXXVI. - -- Vol. II.	132
	CCLI. -- - -	148
	CCLII. -- - -	149
	Mr. Hunter to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	LXXXVI. -- - Vol. I.	209
	LXXXVII. - - -	210
	Lord Hyde to D. Mallet, Esq;	
Letter	CCCLXXXIX. - - - Vol. III.	134
	Irish Bishops to the Bishops of Offory, &c.	
Letter	XXVI. - - - Vol. I.	36
	Mr. Jarvis to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCCXXXIX. - - - Vol. III.	59

Lady Catherine Jones to Dr. Swift. Page.
 Letter CCLXX. - - Vol. II. 185.
 CCCV. - - 243.

Informer, a Letter from one, to Lord Oxford.

Letter CXVI. - - Vol. I. 263,

Archbishop King to Dr. Swift.

Letter XI. - - Vol. I. 17

XV. - - 26

XXVIII. - - 38

XXXII. - - 47

XXXIV. - - 49

XXXV. - - 50

XXXVI. -- - 52

XXXIX. -- - 57

XLI. - - 59

XI.III. - - 62

XLIV. - - 65

XLVI. - - 70

XI.VII. - - 72

XLVIII. -- - 74

XLIX. - - 80

L. - - 81

LI. - - 85

LII. - - *ib.*

LIII. - - 87

M. Le Clerc to Mr. Addison.

Letter XIV. - - Vol. I. 25

Mr. Lewis to Dr. Swift.

Letter XCVI. - - Vol. I. 233

C. - - 242

CI. - - 243

CIII. - - 245

CXXXII. -- - 282

CXXXVII. -- - 291

CXLI. - - 297

Mr,



Mr. Lewis to Dr. Swift.				Page.
Letter	CXLV.	-	- Vol. I.	300
	CXLVIII.	-	-	304
	CL.	-	-	307
	CLII.	-	-	308
	CLVII.	-	-	316
	CLX.	-	-	321
	CLXI.	-	-	<i>ib.</i>
	CLXXI.	-	- Vol. II.	14
	CLXXXIV.	-	-	33
	CLXXXV.	-	-	35
	CLXXXVI.	-	-	37
	CLXXXVII.	-	-	38
	CCCLXXXVI.	-	- Vol. III.	147
Lord Primate Lindsay to Dr. Swift.				
Letter	CXI.	-	- Vol. I.	255
	CXII.	-	-	257
Mr. Lyttelton to Dr. Swift.				
Letter	CCCLXXV.	-	- Vol. III.	127
D. Mallet, Esq; to Lord Hyde.				
Letter	CCCLXXX.	-	- Vol. III.	138
Lady M—— to Dr. Swift.				
Letter	CXLIX.	-	- Vol. I.	305
	CCXVIII.	-	- Vol. II.	95
	CCCLXXXVII.	-	- Vol. III.	148
Lord M—— to Dr. Swift.				
Letter	CCCXXII.	-	- Vol. III.	28
Mr. Nelson to Dr. Swift.				
Letter	XL.	-	- Vol. I.	58
Lord Oxford to Dr. Swift.				
Letter	CXV.	-	- Vol. I.	262
	CXVII.	-	-	264
	CXVIII.	-	-	265
	CXLVII.	-	-	303
	CLXXXIX.	-	- Vol. II.	40

	Lady Orkney to Dr. Swift.	Page.
Letter	LXXIV. - - - Vol. I.	256
	LXXV. - - -	<i>ib.</i>
	LXXVI. - - -	257
	LXXVII. - - -	258
	CCCLXXXIII. - Vol. III.	145
	CCCLXXXIV. - - -	146
	Duchess of Ormond to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CVIII. - - - Vol. I.	251
	CXIX. - - -	266
	CLXXV. - - - Vol. II.	19
	CLXXVIII. - - -	22
	CLXXXI. - - -	28
	CCH. - - -	60
	CCIX. - - -	76
	CCXVI. - - -	90
	Duke of Ormond to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CXLII. - - - Vol. I.	297
	Earl of O—— to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCCLXVI. - - - Vol. III.	110
	CCCLXVII. - - -	111
	CCCLXXVIII. - - -	132
	Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CCCLIV. - - - Vol. III.	84
	CCCLVIII. - - -	90
	Lord Peterborow to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	XLII. - - - Vol. I.	60
	XLV. - - -	68
	CXIV. - - -	260
	CCXXXVII. - - - Vol. II.	134
	CCXXXVIII. - - -	136
	CCCLXXXVIII. - Vol. III.	149
	Lord Chancellor Phipps to Dr. Swift.	
Letter	CV. - - - Vol. I.	247
	CVI. - - -	248
	CXII. - - -	257
	Sir	

Sir Constantine Phipps to Dr. Swift. Page.
Letter CCV. - - Vol. II. 65

Mr. Pope to Lord O——.

Letter CCCLXVIII. - Vol. III. 113

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

Letter CCCLXXIV. - Vol. III. 12

Lord Poulett to Dr. Swift.

Letter XCII. - Vol. I. 235

CCCLXXXV. Vol. III. 147

Mr. Prior to Dr. Swift.

Letter XCI. - Vol. I. 234

CII. - 243

GLXXXVIII. - Vol. II. 39

CXC. - - 41

CXCIII. - - 44

CXCIV. - - 45

CXCV. - - 46

Mr. Prior to Dr. Swift.

CC. - Vol. II. 57

CCI. - 58

CCII. - 61

CCVI. - - 66

CCVII. - - 67

Mr. Pulteney to Mr. Pope.

Letter CCL. - Vol. II. 148

Mr. Pulteney to Dr. Swift.

Letter CCXXX. - Vol. II. 118

CCLXXXV. - 198

CCCXI, III. - Vol. III. 65

CCCXLVI. - 70

CCCLXII. - 100

CCCLXXVII. - 131

Duchess of Q—— to Dr. Swift.

Letter CCLXXXIX. - Vol. II. 203

CCXCIII. - 213

CCCVIII. - 249

Duchess

Duchefs of Q———— to Dr. Swift.		Page.
Letter CCCXI.	-	Vol. III. 1
CCCXVIII.	-	19
CCCXXIII.	-	29
CCCXXV.	-	32
CCCXXVIII.	-	38
CCCXXIX.	-	39
CCCXXXII.	-	44
Duke of Q———— to Dr. Swift.		
Letter CCXCVIII.	-	Vol. II. 231
The Chevalier Ramsay to Dr. Swift.		
Letter CCLIII.	-	Vol. II. 149
CCLXVII.	-	169
CCCLXXI.	-	Vol. III. 118
CCLXXIII.	-	121
Dr. Sacheverel to Dr. Swift.		
Letter LVIII.	-	Vol. I. 95
Mr. Sharpe to Dr. Swift.		
Letter XGVII.	-	Vol. I. 239
Dr. Smallridge to Dr. Swift.		
Letter GIV.	-	Vol. I. 246
Dr. Snape to Dr. Swift.		
Letter CCXI.	-	Vol. II. 82
Lady S———— to Dr. Swift.		
Letter CCXCVI.	-	Vol. II. 227
Mr. Steele to Dr. Swift.		
Letter XXI.	-	Vol. I. 31
Earl of Strafford to Dr. Swift.		
Letter CCCLXI.	-	Vol. III. 61
Mr. Thomas to Dr. Swift.		
Letter CXXVII.	-	Vol. I. 276
CXXXI.	-	281
Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift.		
Letter CCCXCVII.	-	Vol. III. 159
CCCXCVIII.	-	159
GCCC.	-	162
GCCCI.	-	163
		M.

	Page.
Mr. Voltaire a M. le C. de Morville.	
Letter CCXLIV.	Vol. II. 143
CCCXCIV.	Vol. III. 156
Mr. Voltaire to Dr. Swift.	
Letter CCXLIII.	- Vol. II. 142
CCLVII.	- 155
CCLVIII.	- 156
CCCXCHI.	- Vol. III. 155
Duke of Wharton to Dr. Swift.	
Letter CCCXCII.	- Vol. III. 154
Lord Worsley to Dr. Swift.	
Letter CCCX.	Vol. II. 253

INDEX

I N D E X.

A.

ACADEMY, a political one, established by the king of France, vol. ii. 7.

Ambition, not so strong a passion in young men as love, i. 251.

Anne (queen) recommends to the parliament to take a method to prevent libels, &c. i. 107. Her birth-day celebrated with great splendor and luxury, 193. Tells the lords her reasons for parting with the lord treasurer Harley, 304. Mr. Ford's account of her last illness, 309. Her death, 314. Some observations respecting her by Dr. Arbuthnott, ii. 3.

Arbuthnott (Dr.) some extempore verses made by him. i. 479. Gives Dr. Swift a short account of a treasonable piece, called a history of the last invasion of Scotland, 289. His humorous censure of Whiston's project of the longitude, 295. His observations respecting the death of queen Anne, ii. 3. Encomium on Dr. Swift, 4. His humorous remark respecting Miss Nelly Bennet, introduced by him to the French court, 49. Mentions a droll incident or two on the publication of Gulliver's Travels, 131. Makes some reflections respecting the ill luck of Mr. Gay, 153. One motive of his particular care to save Mr. Gay's life, 167. His prescription to Dr. Swift for the cure of his fits of giddiness, 191. Writes a very humorous treatise on the altercation of the ancients, 199. His remark upon Curll the bookseller, iii. 15. His freedom with the greatest persons in defence of liberty, virtue, and religion, 16. Affecting and friendly letter wrote in his illness,

ness, and some few months before his death, to Dr. Swift, 56. Account of his death by Mr. Pulteney, 66.

Arran (earl of) solicited by Dr. Swift to resign the claim made by the Ormond family to the rectorial tythes of Clonmel, iii. 150—151.

Ashburnham (lady) her death, with a short character of her, i. 175.

Atterbury (bishop) his conduct towards the earl of Oxford, i. 322. Gives Dr. Swift his advice and opinion for his conduct in the dispute between him and his chapter, ii. 23—26.

Attorney general, his opinion respecting writs of error in a criminal case, ii. 66.

d'Aumont (duke) his house burned to the ground, with the various speculations thereupon, i. 187—189. Thought to have been done through malice, *ib.*

Authors should consult their genius rather than interest, if they cannot reconcile them, ii. 214.

Composing godly books no recommendation to them in England, iii. 2.

B.

B——— lord) his letter to Dr. Swift, alluding to his proposal for providing for the Irish poor, ii. 175. His speech about the pension-bill greatly applauded, 181. Rallies Dr. Swift humorously upon his writings as borrowed or stolen, 186. And satirically the writers of the last and present age, *ib.* More in the same strain upon the Doctor's way of living, recommending temperance and frugality to him, 206. His remark on corporations, physicians, and lawyers, iii. 26. Rallies Dr. Swift upon the course of employment he was fallen into, 27. His opinion of the state of England, 119. Conduct towards his tenants, *ib.* Reflections on the death of queen Caroline, *ib.* Comparison of Mr. Pope, 120.

Beggar's Opera, the great success of it, ii. 156.

Lord Cobham's reason why it should have been printed

printed in Italian together with the English, 157. Other particulars respecting it, 159. A sermon preached against it by Dr. Herring, 161. Rehearsal of the second part of it stopped, by order from the lord chamberlain, 163.

Berkeley (earl of) Latin inscription upon his monument, i. 58.

Bettesworth (Mr.) how affected by a satirical piece of Dr. Swift's, iii. 43.

Bingley (lord) beaten by mistake, coming out of his own house, i. 319.

Bishops, those of Ossory and Killaloe impowered to solicit the affairs of the first-fruits, &c. in Ireland, i. 36. Wherefore worse solicitors than other men for any but themselves, 45. Mr. Pulteney's remark on their political unity, iii. 66.

Bite, a new-fashioned way of being witty, and the constant amusement at court, and among great people, i. 2.

Bolingbroke (lady) her letter to Dr. Swift, in French, on the subject of Gulliver's travels, and other matters, ii. 136.

Bolingbroke (lord) gives Dr. Swift a short account of himself after his fall, ii. 30. Has permission to stay in France, provided he retires from Paris, 34. His reflections on friendship, 52. See also 70. His paraphrase of part of an epist. of Horace, 54. His remark on the rabble, 70. On Plato, 71. On riches, *ib.* His censure of Cato, 72. Describes his improvements in his rural retreat, 74. Henry Guy's advice to him, 78. Moral and critical remarks on Seneca, and his writings, *ib.* Remarks respecting Mr. Prior, then lately deceased 81. His sentiments of the free-thinkers, 100. What kind of free-thinker he laboured to be, *ib.* The manner in which he would wish to divide life, 141. His reflections on the too frequent consequences of a liberal education, 145. On chronological enquiries, 219. His description of the plan of Mr. Pope's *Ethic* epistles, with some reflections on the subject of them, 222. Makes some proposals to Dr. Swift respecting the exchange of
of

- of his deanery of St. Patrick for the Rectory of Burfield, in Berkshire, 245. His judgment of Berkeley's and Delaney's treatises, 247. Reflections on some points of moral philosophy, iii. 52. Character of the earl of Oxford, *ib.* His examination of a maxim among the ancients, that "a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it," 52—54. His judgment of Mr. Pope's Moral Essays, 55. His course of life and studies in France described by Mr. Pope, 121. Extract from his last will, 133.
- Books*, composing godly books no recommendation in England, iii. 2.
- Boyle* (Mr.) his book of a scriptural bishop burnt at Dublin, i.
- Brevet*, what the term means, i. 212.
- Bull*, an Irish one, iii. 23.
- Business*, minding that of other people the greatest mark of idleness, iii. 27.
- C.
- Cæsar* (*Julius*) wrote his commentaries amidst hurry and fatigue, i. 86.
- C——* (lord) a remark on him by Dr. Swift, iii. 109. His answer to those who asked him how he governed Ireland, 116. In what respect he acted a popular part in the government of that kingdom, 142.
- Cashell* (archbishop of) a maxim he learnt by conversing with politicians, iii. 69. His account of king Cormack's chapel and bed-chamber, 70. Remark on Sir James Ware's memoirs of the archbishops of Cashell, 74.
- Castledurrow* (lord) some verses addressed by him to an old woman, iii. 99.
- Chandois* (duke of) remark on his marriage, iii. 85.
- Charity*, why public charities are preferable to private, iii. 5.
- Chesterfield* (earl of) a merry saying of his respecting the king, iii. 101.
- Cholmondeley* (lord) removed from his employment for speaking against the peace at a council. i. 225.
- Cicero* (M. T.) an excellent sentence cited from his Offices, iii. 100. *Clarendon*

Clarendon (earl of) appointed envoy extraordinary to Hanover, i. 269.

Clergy of England, the whole body of them violent for the bill against occasional conformity, i. 1.

Clergy of Ireland, application made in their behalf respecting the first fruits, &c. i. 36. Their livings, in Ireland very small, and of uncertain value, through the number of their impropriations, 42. Twentieth parts payable by them, wherein they consist, 43. Several pay yearly to the crown a third part, sometimes half, of the real value of their living, 44. Archbishop Tillotson's observation respecting them, 254.

Clogher (bishop of) an if pun of his making, i. 213.

Clonmel, tythes of that parish, one of the largest and poorest in Ireland, claimed by the Ormond family, though granted by king Charles II. to the church, with the consent of the first duke of Ormond, iii. 150—151.

Cobham (lord) for what reason he would have had Mr. Gay print the Beggar's Opera in Italian together with the English, ii. 157.

Conformity (occasional) bill against it rejected by a great majority of the lords, among whom were all the bishops, i. 2. Whole body of the clergy, with a great majority of the commons, violent for it, 1. The court and rabble trimmers in the case, 2. Sentiments of the lords Peterborough, Somers, and bishop of Salisbury respecting it, *ib.* The bill written against it by Dr. Swift, 3.

Coningsby (earl of) sent to the tower, ii. 67.

Convocation (in Ireland) presents a representation of the state of religion, i. 88.

Corelli excelled in forming an orchestre, iii. 103.

Corke (city) lord O——'s observations on it, iii. 110.

Cormack (king and archbishop) his chapel and bed-chamber, iii. 70.

Corporations are perpetually doing injustice to individuals, iii. 26.

Court, what a constant amusement there, i. 3. One advantage of going thither, 101. A fault of it in queen

queen Anne's time, 106. Of what use to Dr. Swift, 123. The practice of one belonging to it in selling employments, 123. Not in the power of those who live in court to do all they desire for their friends, iii. 17.

Courtiers, in what respect they resemble gamesters, iii. 82. Civility all a wise man would expect from them, 223.

Curll (Edmund) Dr. Arbuthnott's remark on him, iii. 15. Lord O——'s, 111. Mr. Pope's, 113.

D.

Deaneries, What the state in general of those of the old foundation, ii. 24. The general condition of them in Ireland, iii. 82.

Diaper (Mr.) writes some sea-eclogues, or poems of mer-men, i. 116. Presented by Dr. Swift to lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, 169. Receives twenty guineas from that lord, by Dr. Swift, when lying sick in a nasty garret, 195.

Diligence, to be double diligent to those who neglect us, why the cruelest revenge, iii. 38.

Disney [col.] his saying of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, i. 212.

Dissenters [in Ireland] apply to the parliament of England for the repeal of the test, i. 18. Address against dissenting ministers agreed to by the house of lords in Ireland, 88. Dissenting ministers join with the Whigs in agreeing to a bill against occasional conformity, 91. Are suffered to have their conventicles by connivance only, ii. 13. Are too assuming upon state events that give them any encouragement, *ib.*

D—— (duke of) a character of the duke and duchess by lady B—— G——, ii. 226. Gave great satisfaction to the people of Ireland, when lord lieutenant, iii. 101. Lord Castledurrow's commendation of the duke for his magnificence and other virtues, 104. With a remark on his few and slight defects, *ib.* A remark of Dr. Swift respecting him in his public capacity, 105. By what means he was influenced to act the usual part in the government of Ireland, 142. Dublin

Dublin [archbishop of] his reflections on the character of the earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland, published there, i. 56. On Guiscard's attempt to kill Mr. Harley, 59. On the proceedings of the city in the election of a mayor, 67, 75. His advice to Dr. Swift, 68. [See also letter LII]. Reflections on the approaching peace, 83. Account of the proceedings at a convocation pressing a representation of the state of religion in Ireland, 89.

Dublin [city of] law and rules observed there in the election of their mayors and aldermen, i. 65. Remark on the vanity and luxury of feasting there—iii. 104.

Dutch, a brief remark on them, i. 98, 99, 106, 136. A learned Dutchman writes a book to prove that England wronged them by the peace, 150. Yield to the barrier treaty, which chiefly retarded the peace, 189.

E.

Education, what too frequently the consequences of a liberal one, ii. 145.

Employments, none more eager for them than such as are least fit for them, i. 79. In general very hard to get, 203. By the act of succession no foreigner can enjoy any, civil or military, ii. 6.

England, general discontent that it should be engaged in a very expensive war, whilst all the other powers of Europe were in peace, ii. 119. What the too frequent practice there with respect to mad-houses, iii. 6. So connected with Ireland, that the natives of both islands should study and advance each other's interest, 46.

Erasmus, his life almost a continual journey, i. 86. A maxim of his cited, ii. 183.

Error, (writ of) not grantable in a criminal case without direction from the king, ii. 66.

Eugene (prince) a humorous description of him by Swift, i. 97.

Europe, Mr. Gay become one of the obstructions to the peace of it, ii. 167.

Feasts

F.

Fenfts, the vanity and luxury of the Irish respecting them, iii. 104.

First-fruits, exemption from payment of them granted to the clergy of Ireland, i. 22. Application made in their behalf respecting them, 36. Memorial of Dr. Swift to Mr. Harley on this subject, 42. What the yearly amount of them, with the twentieth parts, and crown rents, in Ireland, 44.

Fisbery, Mr. Grant's proposal for establishing a white herring and cod fishing in Ireland, iii. 46—48.

Folly, a term that never gave fools offence, ii. 174. None but fools can be in earnest about a trifle, 178.

Ford (Mr.) appointed Gazetteer by Dr. Swift's procurement, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year, besides perquisites, i. 135. Gives Dr. Swift an account of several expected changes in the ministry, and other matters of state, 284. Of the proceedings against Arthur Moore, 286.

Fownes (Sir William) his letter to Dr. Swift respecting the foundation of an hospital for lunatics in Dublin, iii. 5.

France (king of) established an academy for the instruction of politicians, ii. 7. France the fittest place in the world to renounce friendship in.

French, their conduct and evasions in settling the articles of commerce with England, i. 191.

Free-thinkers, lord Bolingbroke's sentiments of them, ii. 100. His definition of such an one as himself laboured to be, *ib.*

Friend (Dr.) recommended by Dr. Swift to be physician general, i. 114.

Friendship, acts of it create friends even among strangers, i. 250. Lord Bolingbroke's reflections on it, ii. 52. The folly of contracting too great and intimate a friendship, 115. Reflection on it by the duchess of Queensberry, iii. 20. The loss of friends a tax upon long life, 22. The medicine and comfort of life, 129.

Game-

G.

Gamesters, in what respect courtiers may be said to resemble them, iii. 82.

Gascon, description of a week's sustenance of his family, ii. 62. The artifice of one confined by the French king to speak only one word, 122.

Gautier, (the Abbé) first employed by France in the overtures of peace, i. 160.

Gay (Mr.) his petition to the lord treasurer, i. 270. Specimen of his intended treatise on politics, ii. 7. Reflections on the conduct of great men towards him, 84. Appointed a commissioner of the state lottery, 87. Gives Swift an account of the success of the Beggar's Opera, 156. Acquaints him with more particulars respecting it, 158. The great friendship of the duke and duchess of Queensberry towards him, 165. Receives great contributions towards the publication of the second part of the Beggar's Opera, 165. His fortune increased by oppression, 166. Most of the courtiers refuse to contribute to his undertaking, *ib.* Chief author of the Craftsman, by which he becomes very popular, 167. Engaged in law-suits with booksellers for pirating his book, 170. Declines in the favour of courtiers, 235. Some account of his fables, to Dr. Swift, 241. More on the same, 250. Gambadoes commended by him as a fine invention, iii. 2. Finds in himself a natural propensity to write against vice, 13. His death, 15. Is universally lamented, and buried with great pomp, *ib.* Curll assiduous in procuring memoirs of his life, 15. Duchess of ———'s character of him, 20. Dr. Swift's condolence with the duchess for his death, with a short character of him, 22.

Gazetteer, a salary of two hundred pounds a year settled on the employment, by Dr. Swift's procurement, i. 135.

G—— (lady E——) a smart remark made by her on Colley Cibber's being appointed laureat, ii. 201.
Vindi-

Vindicates to Dr. Swift the conduct of the coun-
 tefs of S—— respecting him, iii. 18. Particulars
 of an affair between the bishop of Peterborough
 and her, 37. Recommends to Dr. Swift a me-
 dicine said to be of great efficacy against giddi-
 ness, 83. Highly commended by the Doctor for
 her great and many virtues, 106.

Giddiness, a good medicine to relieve from that
 disorder, and the head-ach, iii. 83.

Gifts, their value enhanced by the manner of their
 distribution, iii. 128.

Godolphin (earl of) why talked of by the Whigs
 with humanity and pity, i. 142.

Good-nature, not the most shining quality in the eyes
 of the world, ii. 42.

Goths, their system of limited monarchy extingui-
 shed in all the nations of Europe, iii. 139.

Governours, what their main design when sent to
 their governments, i. 73.

Grant (Mr.) his letter proposing the establishment of
 a white herring and cod fishery in Ireland, iii. 46
 —48.

Gratitude, what required at least from it, iii. 103.

Greece, what sometimes happened among the petty
 tyrants of it, iii. 140.

Grub-street, in danger of being ruined, i. 138.

Guardian, the paper so called begun by Mr. Steele,
 i. 121.

Gulliver, two dramatic pieces made in France from
 the subject of his travels, iii. 152.

H.

Hamilton (duke of) killed in a duel with lord
 Mohun, i. 151.

Hamilton (duchess) short description and character
 of her, i. 153.

Hanmer (Sir Thomas) speaker, the most considerable
 man in the house of commons, i. 199. Letter
 from him to Dr. Swift, upon reading his History
 of the Peace, 238.

Happiness, on what it greatly depends, iii. 20.
 What a considerable step towards it, 50.

Harley (Mr.) his reception of Dr. Swift upon his first introduction to him, and application for remission of the first-fruits, &c. in Ireland, i. 45. Mentioned with honour by the archbishop of Dublin for his abilities and zeal for the common interest, i. 64. Four lines made on him extempore, by Swift, when ill of his wound, 102. Humorous lines sent by him, earl of Oxford, to Dr. Swift, 264. More of the same, 265. Conclusion of a copy of verses made by him, complaining of ill usage, 274. Reproached by lady Masham, 291. Some reflections respecting his dismissal, and carriage thereupon, 300. His Letter to Dr. Swift on the day of his resignation, 303. For what reasons dismissed by the queen, 304. Censured by lady Masham, 305. His carriage at the king's proclamation, and behaviour of the mob to him, 318. A stricture upon his conduct and treatment, 321. A short character of him by lord Bolingbroke, 323. Makes advances of civility to the Whigs, ii. 6. Some observations respecting his intended trial, 35. That subject farther discussed, 37. His impeachment discharged by the unanimous consent of the lords, 38. The king forbids him the court, *ib.* Lord Bolingbroke's character of him, iii. 52.

Harley (lady Betty) circumstances of her match with the marquis of Caermarthen, i. 167.

Harrison (Thomas, Esq;) secretary of the embassy at Utrecht, his letter to Dr. Swift, i. 161. A remarkable incident respecting him, at the time of his bringing the barrier treaty, 190. His sickness and death, 195. Accident to the mourners returning from his funeral, 196.

Head-ach, a good remedy against it, iii. 83.

Health, what chiefly conducive to it, iii. 20. Dr. Swift's estimation of it, 170, 171.

Herring (Dr.) preaches a sermon against the Beggar's Opera, ii. 161.

Highwaymen, some artfully taken by a gentleman, i. 171.

Holt,

Holt (lord chief justice) from what motive Dr. Radcliffe took particular care to recover his wife, ii. 167.

H—— (Mrs. afterwards countess of S——) her famous letter to Dr. Swift, alluding to passages in *Gulliver*, ii. 132. Her marriage with Mr. Berkeley, the brother of lady B—— G—— iii. 76.

Human nature, what it hath ever been, iii. 149.

Hunter (brigadier) governour of New York, misrepresented by his adversaries as inclined to weaken the interest of the church there, i. 239.

I.

Idleness, what the greatest mark of it, iii. 27.

Informers, letter from one to the lord treasurer, i. 263.

Ingratitude, a vice most men are ashamed to be thought guilty of, i. 250.

Injuries, a part of wisdom to dissemble those we cannot revenge, i. 73.

Ireland, observations on the conduct of the Dissenters there, respecting a repeal of the test, i. 18. First-fruits and twentieth parts granted to the clergy there, 22. House of commons address the queen upon the reversion of lord Slane's attainder, 27. Few parishes there have any glebe, 42. The number of impropriations make the livings small and of uncertain value, *ib.* Glebes more wanted than impropriations, 74. The people greatly apprehensive of the Pretender, 77. A great jest to see people there furious for or against any thing, 93. Dissentions in the parliament respecting the chancellor, 254. An expression of Hobbes applied to the turbulent state of affairs there, *ib.* The commons take examinations about murder out of the judges hands, 255. Not a place for any freedoms, ii. 5. The dissenters conventicles suffered only by connivance, 13. Observed by travellers that they never see fewer charitable foundations any where than in this kingdom, iii. 5. Its superiour advantages to those which England enjoys, 15. So connected with England, that the natives of both islands

should mutually study and advance each other's interest, 46. Proposal for establishing a herring and cod fishery there, 46—48. What the state of the deaneries there in general, 82. Is a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing, 140. What influenced the duke of D—— to act the usual part in governing that nation, 142. Dr. Swift's character and reflections on the conduct of the squires in general there, 174.

Italian, for what reason lord Cobham would have have had Mr. Gay print the Beggars Opera in that language together with the English, ii. 157.

Judges, those of Ireland have the examinations about murder taken out of their hands by the commons, i. 255.

K.

Kerry (earl of) one of the most antient and noble families in Ireland, iii. 73.

Killala (bishop of) impowered to solicit the affair of the first fruits, &c. in Ireland, i. 36. What the yearly income of that bishopric, 255.

Kingdom (*Jenny*) a maid of honour, colonel Disney's saying of her, 212.

Kings, all of them naturally desire unlimited power, iii. 142. What alone would cool their lust of power, 143.

Kingston (duke of) imports a foreign commodity, iii. 120.

L.

Landstown (lord) offended at a passage in the examiner, i. 116.

Lawyers, their sense of the stat. of Henry VIII. relating to the leases of hospitals, &c. ii. 26.

Lent, why hated by Dr. Swift, i. 112.

Lewis, (Mr. *Erasmus*) gives some account of Mr. Prior, and the proposal for printing his poems, ii. 33.

Libels, the queen recommends to her parliament the taking a method to prevent them, i. 107. One published, called the Ambassadors, the printer of which was set in the pillory, fined, and imprisoned, 216.

Life,

Life, not intended by God as a blessing, in Swift's opinion, i. 176. The manner in which lord Bollingbroke said he wished to divide it, ii. There is a time wherein every one wishes for some settlement of his own, 184. Loss of friends a tax upon long life, iii. 22.

Love, a much stronger passion in young men than ambition, i. 251.

Lunatics, proposals for an hospital for them in Dublin, iii. 5.

M.

Macartney (Mr.) a letter printed in his name, vindicating himself from the murder of duke Hamilton, i. 226.

Madness, talking to one's self esteemed a sign of it, i. 12. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of it, ii. 112. Many made really mad by ill usage, iii. 6.

Mapp (Mrs.) a merry incident respecting her, iii. 102.

Marlborough (duke of) reasons assigned of his intention to go out of England, i. 149. His public entry through the city described, 319. Hissed by more than huzza'd, *ib.*

Marlborough, (duchess of) a singular instance of her meanness and ingratitude to the queen, i. 227.

Masbam (lord) what a great fault in him, i. 111.

Maxim to do what is right, and disregard the world, a good one, iii. 159. What the best in life in Dr. Swift's opinion, 172. A good moral one of the ancient heathens, 174.

Medicine, the ridicule of it a very copious subject, i. 278. The form of one prescribed by Dr. Arbuthnot for Dr. Swift, ii. 192. A good one against giddiness and head-ach, iii. 83.

Ministers, an observation respecting new ones, i. 20. What consequent to the lots of their place, 41. Why they should avoid all inquiry, and every thing that would embroil them, 41. Never talk politics in conversation, 201. Access to them usually converted by most men to their own single interest, 250. Well disposed remembrancers the

most useful servants to them in their leisure hours.
250.

Miser, by living miserably and dying hated and despised, to leave great riches, may be said to have outwitted himself, ii. 209.

Misjudging, whence it usually proceeds iii. 145.

Mobacks, their practices, i. 114. Were all Whigs,

115. Swift thought to be in danger from them,

116. More observations respecting them, 119.

125.

Money, That money creates power, an erroneous and corrupt notion, ii. 183.

N.

News, party news not to be readily credited, i. 60.

Nottingham, (earl of) some account of, and reflection, his conduct, i. 91.

O.

Orchestre, Corelli excelled in forming it, iii. 103.

Ormond (duke of) address of thanks to the queen proposed, for appointing him lord lieutenant of Ireland, and why rejected, i. 76. Generally well esteemed there, *ibi*. A brief commendation of him, 83. Declared general in Flanders, 107. Assists at the fire by which Sir William Windham's house was burnt, 110. Gains much credit by his conduct in Flanders, 139. Huzza'd by the whole city at the king's proclamation, 318.

Orrery (earl of) his observation on the city of Cork, iii. 110.

Ossory (bishop of) impowered to solicit the affair of the first fruits, &c. in Ireland, i. 36.

Oysters, method of boiling them, i. 113.

P.

Parker (lord chief justice) would have silenced Dr. Swift as a writer, i. 149.

Parliament, a bill passed for limiting members to a certain number of places, i. 109.

Parnell (Dr.) his poem intituled "On Queen Anne's Peace, presented by Dr. Swift to lord Bolingbroke, i. 169. Greatly liked by that lord, 177. And by the lord treasurer, 190.

Par-

Parties, their news not to be credited readily, i. 60.

Pasquin, the success of it, iii. 85.

Patrick (St.) the best deanery in Ireland, i. 233.

Peace, many of the Tories discontented at it, i. 200.

To be ratified in all courts before it could be proclaimed here, 212.

Peterborough (earl of) his sentiments respecting the bill against occasional conformity, i. 2. Queries sent by him to Dr. Swift, 260. Writes a facetious letter to him, on the publication of Gulliver's travels, ii. 134.

Peterborough (bishop of) particulars of an affair between lady B—— G—— and him, respecting a piece of ground, iii. 37.

Phipps (Sir Constantine) his letter to Dr. Swift respecting the case of Water his printer, ii. 65.

Physicians, the sensitive soul made a sort of first minister to the rational by some of the German physicians, i. 278.

Polidore (Sir) what the wrong side of his office, i. 211.

Politicians, allegorise all the animal oeconomy into state affairs, i. 279. Secrecy one of their most distinguishing qualities. ii. 7. Other requisites to them, *ib.* King of France establishes an academy for their instruction, *ib.* A maxim held by them, iii. 69.

Politics, an expression appropriated by the French to beauty applicable to them, i. 60. To shew ill-will, without power of doing more, no good policy in a dependant people, 73. Never made by ministers the subject of conversation, 201. Specimen of Mr. Gay's intended treatise on them, ii. 8. Dr. Swift's creed in them, iii. 18.

Pope (Mr.) his poem called Windsor Forest, published and commended, i. 207. In danger of being drowned, ii. 120. Lord Bolingbroke's judgment of his Ethic essays, iii. 55. In danger again of being drowned, 91. His character of Dr. Swift and his writings, 114. His account of lord Bolingbroke's plan of life and studies in France, 221. Why the friendship of young rather than old

old people cultivated by him, 123. Gives Dr. Swift an account of his course of life and amusements, 125.

Power, naturally attended with fear and precaution, ii. 182. What would cool the lust of absolute power in princes, iii. 143.

Pretender, substance of his declaration, ii. 20.

Projects, a humorous one for raising money by a stamp upon blistering and melilot plaisters, i. 278.

Pulteney (Mr.) his cook's receipt for stewing veal put in verse, ii. 128. Gives Dr. Swift an account of a humorous treatise composed by Dr. Arbuthnott upon the scolding of the ancients, 199. His remark on the promotion of Dr. Rundle to the see of Derry, iii. 65. On the strength of his constitution, 100. Purposes to follow Dr. Swift's rules for preservation of his health, *ib.* A sentence of Tully proposed by him for the rule of his conduct, 101. Observations on the state of public affairs, 131. Sends him a copy of Latin verses made in compliment to him by a Westminster scholar, *ib.*

Q

Quadrille, the universal employment of life among the polite, ii. 127. Comically described by Mr. Congreve, 131.

Quakers oppose the bill for recovering tythes in Ireland, i. 78.

Queensbury [duke and duchess of] their kindness and friendship to Mr. Gay, ii. 165. Character of him by the duchess, iii. 20. Her reflections upon friendship, 20. Gives a fine sketch of true greatness of, 30. A description of occurrences in there journey to the Spaw, 40.

R

Ramsay [Chevalier] sends Dr. Swift his history of the Marshal de Turenne, iii. 118.

Raphoe, what the yearly value of its bishopric, i. 255.

Ratcliffe [Dr.] how represented in Martin Scriblerus's map of diseases, i. 278. From what motive he took

took particular care to save lord chief justice Holt's wife, ii. 167.

Reason, wherein that faculty consists, i.

Receipt how to boil oysters, i. 113. For stewing veal, ii. 128. For the cure of giddiness. 192.

Religion, ladies out of zeal for it have hardly time to say their prayers, i. 1.

Revenge, wherein the most generous kind of it consists, i. 268. What the cruelest kind of it, iii. 38.

Riches, lord Bolingbroke's reflections on them, ii. 71. Dr. Swift's estimation of them, iii. 171.

Rivers [earl of] remarks on his last will, i. 145.

Rochester [earl of] his death a concern to all good men, i. 68.

Romans, a custom constantly used by them at their triumphs, i. 15.

Rundle [Dr.] Mr. Pulteney's remark on his promotion to the see of Derry, iii. 66.

S.

Sacheverell [Dr.] is paid 100 l. by a bookseller for his sermon [which was the first after his suspension] preached at St. Saviour's church, i. 222.

Santry [lord] a custom with him, and some others, to rail at people, and upon receiving challenges, come and beg pardon, i. 97.

Savage [Mr.] the cruel treatment of his mother to him, i. 145.

Scriblerus [Martin] his map of diseases described, i. 278. His proposal for the longitude, 295.

Sharpe [Rev. Mr. John] a letter from him to Dr. Swift, requesting his good offices in behalf of brigadier Hunter, governour of new York, i. 239.

Shrewsbury [duke of] appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, i. 121. The Whigs apprehensive of receiving no great countenance from him, 249. Made lord treasurer, 308.

Similies. It is with religion as with paternal affection; some profligate wretches may forget it, and some, through perverse thinking, not see any reason for it; but the bulk of mankind will love their children, i. 18. It is with men as with beauties, if they

they pass the flower they lie neglected for ever, 80. Courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older, iii. 82. The parliament of Ireland imitates that of England in every thing, as monkey doth a human creature, iii. 242.

Slane [lord] reversion of his attainder how received in Ireland, i. 27.

Slavery, universal corruption fits men for it, and renders them unworthy of liberty, i. 61.

Sloan [Dr.] his opinion respecting modern travels, i. 14.

Smalridge [Dr.] a letter from him to Dr. Swift in behalf of Mr. Fiddes, i. 246.

Sollitude, insupportable to a disturbed mind, iii. 165.

Spaw [German] duchels of Queensberry's description of a journey to it, iii. 40.

Spleen, Dr. Swift's character of it, iii. 165. His care to avoid it, 172.

Squires, general character of those in Ireland, iii. 174.

Stern [Dr.] his great collection of books how disposed of at his death, i. 93. Recommended by Dr. Swift to the ministers for a bishopric, 192.

Stocks, reason of the extraordinary sudden rise of them at the queen's death, i. 318.

Stoughton [Mr.] reflections on a sermon preached by him at Dublin, i. 23. His sermon burnt there 87.

Strafford [earl of] a short remark on him, i. 100.

Succession [act of] foreign peers deprived of their right of voting by it, ii. 6. And foreigners restrained from enjoying any employment, civil or military, *ib.*

S— [countess of] her conduct towards Dr. Swift vindicated by lady B— G—, iii. 17. Lady B—'s character of her, 18.

Superiours, every body ought not to have liberty to abuse them, iii. 120.

Swift (Dr.) his character of Mrs. Johnson, i. 4, 5. Copy of his memorial to Mr. Harley about the first-

first-fruits, 42. His account of the manner and event of his first application to Mr. Harley respecting the remission of them, 45. The lord primate and archbishop of Dublin commit the care of soliciting that affair to his diligence and prudence, 48, 49. Threatened with a suspension by the bishop of Meath for absence, 137. Recommends several of the Whig wits to favour, 172. Makes a short reflection on life, 176. A witty jest on a bad poet, who sent him a present of wild fowl, 182. His reasons for rejecting a parcel of oranges brought him as a present, 184. His project for coining halfpence, &c. with devices, 185. Is very much grieved for the death of Mr. Harrison, secretary to the embassy at Utrecht, whom he calls his own creature, having procured his promotion to that office, 195. A saying of his grandmother, 201. Applied to by the foreign ministers to speak for them to the lord treasurer and lord Bolingbroke, 205. His description of the rehearsal of Cato, 224. Gives a particular narrative of the proceedings respecting his promotion to the deanery of St. Patrick, 228. Congratulated by Dr. Atterbury on his promotion to it, 236. Praised by Dr. Davenant for employing his interest with the lord treasurer in good offices to others, 249. His answer to some lines of the lord treasurer, 264. Letter from the duchess of Ormond to him, respecting the dissention in the ministry, 266. A short account of his manner of living on a visit at a country clergyman's, 271. Encomium on him by Dr. Arbuthnot, ii. 4. Advised by bishop Atterbury how to proceed in his dispute with the chapter of St. Patrick, 23—26. Praised by Mr. Addison for his friendly disposition, 48. Complimented with being as well worth taking a long journey to see as Livy, 104. The Abbé des Fontaines acquaints him with the very extraordinary demand for his works in France, which he had translated into French, 105. That all
Paris

Paris wished to see him, *ib.* His answer in French to the Abbé des Fontaines letter, 106. For what qualities chiefly valued by Dr. Arbuthnott, 123. Humorously rallied by lord B—— upon his writings, 185—187. Upon his expensive and intemperate way of living, 206. Conduct of the countess of S—— respecting him vindicated by lady B—— G——, iii. 18. His creed, or rather litany, in politics, *ib.* Duchefs of Q——'s advice to him, 20. His condolence with her for the death of Mr. Gay, with a brief character of him, 22. Rallied by lord B—— for the course of life he was got into, 27. Threatened to be murdered by one Bettsworth, a Dissenter, whom he had provoked by his writings, 43. A remedy for his giddiness prescribed to him by lady B—— G——, 83. His rules for preserving health, 100. His remark on the duke of D——, as lord lieutenant 105. Commendation of him as to his private character, 106. His high commendation of lady B—— G——, *ib.* Rallies Mr. Pulteney humorously on his recommending to him a trip to England for his health, 109. His reflections upon the melancholy state of public affairs both in England and Ireland, 239. Laments the decline of liberty in England, 142. Solicits the earl of Arran to resign the claim made by him to the tythes of the rectory of Clonmel, 150. Solicited to join the ministry at the time of the queen's death, 158. Reminded by Miss Vanhomrigh of a maxim once observed by him, 159. From whom he receives a moving expostulatory letter, *ib.* Compliments her highly in French on her many extraordinary qualifications, 161. Gives his reason for seeing her seldom in Ireland, 165. Receives another letter from her, declaring her passion, and expostulating with him for his neglect of her, *ib.* Rallies her facetiously, 167. His humorous application of a passage in Job, in a facetious letter to her, 169. The pains taken by him to preserve his health, 171. His
elimination

estimation of riches and health, 171. His character of the 'squires in Ireland, 174.

T.

Tillotson (archbishop) his observation respecting the Irish clergy, i. 254.

Tories, many of them discontented at the peace, i. 200. Act parts contrary to their own imagined interests, 239.

Townshend (lord) causes of his disgrace in the beginning of king George's reign, ii. 34.

Travels, the advantage of reading modern ones, i. 14.

Treat, wherein the greatest consists, iii. 103. The treats made in Ireland as much prejudice to them as most of their follies, 104.

Triumphs, what constantly practised at those of the Romans, i. 15.

Tully's Offices, an excellent sentence cited from them. iii. 101.

Tytbes, a security to them, to let the laity have a share, i. 74.

V.

Vanhomrigh (Miss) reminds Dr. Swift of a maxim once observed by him, iii. 159. Her pathetic expostulatory letter to him, *ib.* Complimented by Dr. Swift in a French letter on her extraordinary accomplishments, 161. Writes him another moving letter, 162. Again declares her passion for him, and expostulates with him for his neglect of her, 165. Is rallied facetiously by him on the subject of their epistolary correspondence, 167.

Veal, receipt for stewing it, in verse, ii. 128.

Vertigo, method by which Dr. Arbuthnott relieved a friend and patient in that complaint, ii. 50. Geronster water at the Spa recommended by him for the cure of it, 88. Dr. Arbuthnott's prescription to Dr. Swift for the cure of it, 192.

Vexation, the advantage of a moderate share of it, iii. 45.

Vice, to write against it sometimes may offend, ii. 204. Mr. Gay found in himself a natural propensity to write against it, iii. 13.

Virtue, writing in the cause of it sometimes renders a man obnoxious, ii. 165. Forbids us to continue in debt, iii. 103.

Voltaire (Monsieur) his polite letter to Dr. Swift, inclosing another in French, in the same strain, to the count de Morville, who had desired to be acquainted with the Doctor, ii. 155. See also iii. 155, 157. Tells the Doctor that he owed the love he bore to the English language to his writings, 155. Intreats his interells in Ireland for subscriptions to the *Henriade*, *ib.* Compliments him again on the excellency of his works. 156.

W.

Ware (Sir James) remark on his memoirs of the archbishops of Cashell, iii. 74.

Whigs, are joined by the Dissenters in agreeing to a bill against occasional conformity. i. 91, 92. Great division among them, ii. 34. Make their court to the Tories, *ib.*

Whiston (Mr.) Dr. Arbuthnott's opinion of his project for the longitude, i. 295.

Windham (Sir William) particulars respecting the fire by which his house was burned, i. 110. In the opposition against the vote for paying the Hanover troops, ii. 6.

Wisdom, wherein it consists, ii. 174.

Wit, a new-fashioned way of becoming one, i. 2. Not to be trusted to without wine, ii. 184.

Women have in general an inconceivable pleasure in finding out any faults but their own, ii. 196.

— many of them are only beasts in petticoats, iii. 161.

Woodward (Dr) remark on his dissertation on an antique shield, iii. 98.

Worcester (bishop of) his prophecy made to the queen, i. 135.

Y.

York (New) the finest air there in the universe, i. 210.

F I N I S.



